THE GAMES MATE TRADERS PLAY

new reports from MR.'s exclusive international survey

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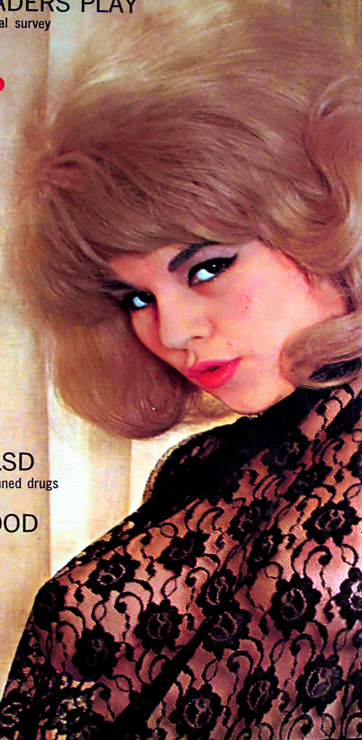

"LOVE ECSTASY" AND LSD

a fresh angle on the most controversial of banned drugs

THE ARTISTRY OF BLOOD

"Bullfighting," insists Dick Sargent, "is many things—but never a sport!"

ACTRESS RAQUEL WELCH

WHY A "BIRD LEGS" KID GREW INTO A SEX BOMB

OFF THE RECORD

By
ALLAN
STARREX

LIVE! Vol. 1—Jaki Byard (Prestige 7419)

The next best thing to catching pianist Jaki Byard live is to get this disc. The man is amazing—he encompasses the whole world of jazz piano playing from Scott Joplin to Bud Powell like the giant he is musically and physically. He can change moods and styles to fit soloists or situations. Here with a quartet recorded at Lennie's-On-The-Turnpike, a New England jazz bistro affectionately called "the kosher Half Note," he manages to sound like a big band—a trick he borrowed from Earl Hines but with bravura touches of his own, reaching pianistic summits via an experimental route few dare follow and others like Cecil Taylor and Bill Evans have failed in attempting. As Ira Gitler observes in the cover notes, "The Jaki Byard Quartet is a graphic example of how jazz can be avant garde, yet still be positive, **full of love and not full of shit.**" A lot of avant garde stuff is mostly the latter, but Byard may be the man to save the "new thingers" from going under you know what.

CLASSIC TENORS — Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young (Contact 3)

During the war Coast Guarder Bob Thiele (later to launch Impulse Records) recruited some of the best jazz musicians around for some off the cuff recording sessions, later released on his Signature label. Some of these long unavailable sides have been rescued from the melting pot of a New Jersey plastics factory and presented in a de luxe album by Contact (33 W. 60 St., New York, N.Y.). They reveal rare and exciting jazz of the '40s featuring not only two of the tenor giants of all time, Hawkins and Lester, in different sessions, but trombonist Dicky Wells, bassist Oscar Pettiford, pianist Eddie Heywood, others. The remastering is excellent. The music? With such electrifying talents around, they could only outdo themselves.

HOOCHIE COOCHIE MAN—Jimmy Smith (Verve 8667)

Jimmy Smith digs deeper into his blue bag than ever before and growls and plays delightfully dirty with John Lee Hooker's "Boom Boom," Ray Charles' "Ain't That Just Like A Woman," "One Mint Julep," besides an aptly titled "Hoochie Coochie Man"—that's a "good witch doctor who'd make even a sick man dance," like Smith does.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? —(Warner Bros. 1657)

Here's the soundtrack album of the controversial movie, swear words, Liz Taylor, Burton, hump-the-hostess and all. but no Technicolor. The four-letter words make up for that. One helluva play —on two discs.

MUMBLES — Clark Terry (Mainstream 56066)

Jazz musician and entertainer extraordinary Clark Terry finally has an album that displays both his fine sense of sly humor (his inimitably mumbled "Mumbles" plus two sequels "Mumbles Strikes Again," "Rum & Mumbles," a tongue-in-cheek "Grandad's Blues") and exemplary trumpet-fluegelhorn playing that sparkles like dry champagne (a beautiful "Night Song," "Shadow of your Smile") with Jerome Richardson (reeds) and Willie Bobo (conga) among contributing high talents.

STEREO
MAINSTREAM
"mumbles"

TEQUILA—Wes Montgomery (Verve 8653)

"Tequila" has boss guitarist Montgomery stringing along with some peppery Latin things notably "Bumpin On Sunset," "Big Hurt" and his recent topper "The Thumb." Drummer Grady Tate and bassist Ron Carter swing along with Wes. Ray Barreto's conga adds the Latin touch and an army of cellos and violins intrude unnecessarily in spots.

KING OLIVER IN NEW YORK—King Oliver (RCA Victor 529)

Joe Oliver was "king" because he was the greatest cornetist in jazz—until his protege Louis Armstrong extended his ideas on trumpet and became its Emperor. By 1929-30 when Oliver recorded for Victor in New York, he was obliged to play saccharine popular ballads (I'm Lonesome Sweetheart) and plagued by gum trouble was soon headed for decline. He died a few years later, sweeping poolrooms and penniless. But in this gilt-edged set of 16 reissues you can still catch the king's delicate phrasing even some of his fabled power though undoubtedly the star was Henry "Red" Allen (Stingaree Blues) almost the equal of Armstrong who had left Oliver's earlier band by then on his expressway to glory. Together with Allen and another trumpeter, Dave Nelson (Nelson Stomp), Oliver was able to inject enough jazz into these sides to raise them well above the then popular Paul Whiteman level. They now fall into the timeless category of "classic jazz" and are a must for those enamoured with the sound of the '20s or in jazz chronology. As Louis later said: "Joe Oliver created some of the most famous phrasings you hear today and ideas to work from. . . ." A far cry from Miles Davis perhaps, but then, would there have been a Miles if not for Oliver?

DIZZY GILLESPIE—(RCA Victor 530)

A milestone on the road to jazz trumpet development from Oliver to Miles, John Birks Gillespie has been around long enough for his first Victor sides to become "classics." Some of these are collected in a new Vintage set along with four sides cut a decade earlier with Teddy Hill to show Dizzy's rise to becoming the most famous trumpeter in modern jazz. The 1946-7 classics include previously unissued takes of "Anthropology," "52nd St. Theme," "Night in Tunisia" and his pioneering excursions into Latin rhythm, now the big thing in jazz, including "Guarachi Garo," later to become (in)famous as "Soul Sauce."

UNO-DOS-TRES — Willie Bobo (Verve 8648); HEY! LET'S PARTY — Mongo Santamaria (Columbia 9273)

Bobo and onetime conga-mate Santamaria play similar music: Groovy, infectious Latin-jazz versions of current and earlier hits with excellent jazz oriented solos and tremendous Latin beat (both are top percussionists). Bobo's seltzer commercial (No Matter What Shape Your Stomach's In), "Going Out

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mr.

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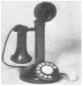

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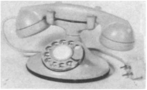

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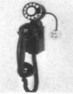

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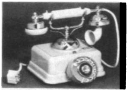

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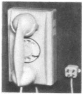

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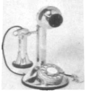

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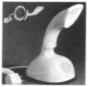

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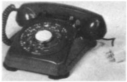

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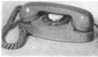

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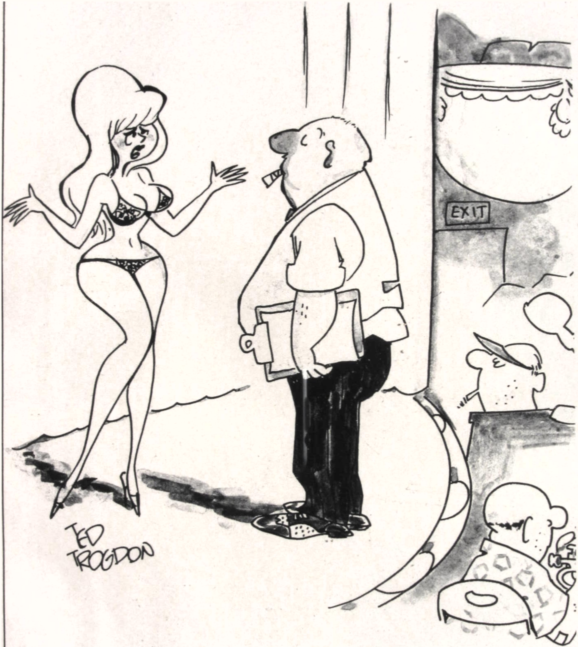
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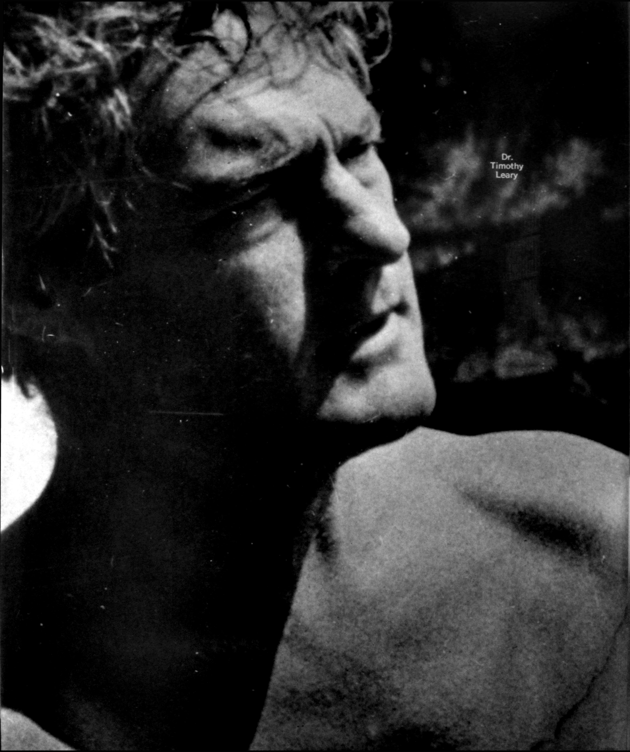
"I already know what to do with my bust and my pelvis . . . what do I do with my hands?"


Dr.
Timothy
Leary

'LOVE ECSTASY' AND LSD

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, PREDICTS TIM LEARY, AMERICA'S FUTURE LEADERS WILL BE ACID-HEADS ➡

By DOROTHY ALLEN ■ Will LSD replace AD? Followers of the new psychedelic religion of Dr. Timothy Leary, based on the controlled use of LSD may well start calculating time—if they have time—in terms of LSD instead of AD. Thus AD 1966 for acid heads (as LSD users call themselves) could well be LSD I—the year in which awareness came to them—and most people became aware of LSD.

It is the year that focused public and official attention on the controversial drug, first synthesized in 1938. In particular two senate subcommittees conducted widely publicized hearings on LSD, which brought about strict if "unconstitutional" (according to Dr. Leary) controls, and increasing concern over the widespread and often reckless use of the mind-influencing drug.

There is so much concern in fact that Dr. Leary has called for a one year "cease fire" on the use of LSD this year (1967) because, although the psychedelic battle according to Dr. Leary has been won, the gap between those who take LSD trips, mostly people under 25, and the older generation is so wide; and because "evolutionary misunderstanding causes bloodshed and imprisonment."

Dr. Leary has appealed to the younger generation (more than 10 per cent of all college students in this country, according to one estimate, took LSD trips in 1966) to cool it voluntarily for a year "to explain to their parents—and to their jailers—what LSD and marijuana are, and why we want and intend to use them."

Whether the moratorium will make "square" adults realize that LSD is here to stay or not, it does seem that use of LSD is on the upsurge. Even if the youngsters cool it, it is estimated that more than three million persons will be turning on with LSD this year (according to LIFE magazine) and more than four times that number in the next!

Already LSD is influencing art, music, literature, movies and discotheques throughout the nation, with names like LYCERGIC AU GO GO, THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION, THE BRAVE NEW WORLD, with turn on dancers (who shade their dilated pupils from the light with dark glasses); and with psychedelic lights and sounds. On a broader front, 10,000 thrill-seekers flocked to an LSD convention in San Francisco and in one college 67 students celebrated graduation by turning on with LSD.

"In fifteen years," predicts Dr. Leary, "the bright high school and college students who are turning on with LSD will be running many of our institutions, guarding our public policy, shaping public opinion, and repealing the hysterical laws that are now being passed."

These young people are not of the criminal class or junkies but are "the best educated, most creative and courageous young people in the country," Dr. Leary says. **"Like it or not,"** he adds, **"they are going to build you a new civilization."**

Meanwhile you can't get turned on with LSD without breaking the law. An amendment to the Federal Dangerous Drugs Act makes manufacture, sale and transportation of the drug felonious. Some states like California and Nevada make mere possession of LSD a crime.

The drug is so powerful that a single dosage can be put on the point of a pin and, according to one authority, Dr. Sidney Cohen, in his book "THE BEYOND WITHIN: THE LSD STORY," "enough LSD could be carried in a two-suiter to temporarily incapacitate the entire population of the United States."

The average LSD dose given by physicians to patients is between 25-100 micrograms, rarely more than that. The average black market dose sold by pushers is 200-500 micrograms: the so-called "500-cap." A wrong dosage can be permanently damaging to the user. The user who buys his "cap" from a pusher who got his supplies from some amateur chemist (LSD can be produced by anyone with a basic knowledge of chemistry) is in danger of full blown psychosis.

Yet the blackmarket in LSD is thriving. It is sold openly on campuses across the nation and on street corners at $5 a cap—the going price for a 500 microgram shot. In Los Angeles you can reportedly buy LSD at a store appropriately called CAPSULE CORNER, where teenage acid-heads can get their acid in a choice of sugar cookies, chewing gum, blotting paper, match heads, or in baking soda instead of the conventional "cap."

Since LSD is colorless, odorless and only a minute quantity is needed for a trip (a trip on a 500 cap lasts about 12 hours) it doesn't matter how you take it. Unlike heroin, tobacco or liquor, LSD does not addict physically. This is one of the reasons why the drug is cheap and will remain cheap. The supply is limitless. Although it is reported that vast quantities of the drug are smuggled in from Mexico, England, Czechoslovakia and other countries, most of it is manufactured at home—usually in some amateur pharmacist's home. One such pharmacist, the FBI reported, manufactured one million capsules a month for sale in Southern California!

Such uncontrolled use of LSD has resulted in rare—but heavily publicized—cases of attempted suicide, bizzare behavior, permanent insanity and even homicidal attempts, creating nationwide panic. But for most of those who have taken LSD trips and are looking forward to more, it is at most a shattering experience of incredible acceleration and intensification of all senses and of all mental processes, which can confuse and terrify the tripper not prepared for it.

As Dr. Leary tries to describe it: "Around a thousand million signals fire off your brain every second . . . you find yourself tuned on thousands of these messages that ordinarily you don't register consciously . . . It's as though for all of your waking life you have been caught in a still photograph . . . suddenly the show comes alive, balloons out to several dimensions and becomes irradiated with color and energy." He warns, though, that some people are "freaked by this Niagara of sensory input" and get quite lost.

One girl who took a shower while under LSD said she could feel every single drop of water touching her—hot—cold—hot—cold, caressing her body, creating a deeply sensual feeling that she could only describe as "oh—so groovy!" But no two trips are quite alike. Every one is a brand new adventure, a journey into ecstasy or—in the case of a "bum trip"—unimaginable terror.

It is currently beginning to be admitted however, that the prime reason for the LSD boom is **sexual ecstasy**. For awhile acid-heads disclaimed that sex had anything to do with it. They alleged that LSD was greater then sex. But Dr. Leary says that the time has come for all good men—and women and girls and boys—to learn the truth.

According to its advocates, "making love under LSD is union with God"—a view, incidentally, held by practitioners of tantaric yoga 2000 years ago. It makes ordinary lovemaking look like the hasty coupling of animals in heat or making love to a pillow. In ordinary lovemaking, Dr. Leary says, you use the chemicals, pressure and interactions of erogenous zones—"a vulgar, dirty, concept," he adds.

"When you're making love under LSD it's as though every cell in your body—and you have trillions—is making love with every cell in her body . . . Your hand doesn't caress her skin but sinks down into and merges with ancient dynamos of ecstasy within her."

Dr. Leary, who says he's made love with his wife every time he took LSD (which at the time of writing adds up to 315 sessions), says that's basically what the LSD experience is all about: discovering and making love with God, discovering and making love with oneself, and making love with a woman.

It doesn't produce a long erection but it may produce an orgasm in every cell, not the mere physical orgasm one is usually hung up on. A man or woman may have several **hundred** orgasms in one LSD lovemaking session, but not necessarily in the physiological sense.

On the other hand some research has shown that you might not have any desire for sex at all—certainly not on your first few trips.

"Just caressing with your fingers or holding hands creates so much ecstasy you just don't have the desire to go any further," one girl said after an LSD voyage with her boy friend.

"You're in love with everything and everybody—sex doesn't enter your mind," one boy claimed after his trip with a girl.

"I was frightened by the smells that came from her," another boy reported after a trip with a girl who sat opposite him. (It was not his regular girl friend, however.) This is true to form. According to Dr. Leary, when you sit across the room from a woman during an LSD session, you're aware of thousands of "chemical messages floating from her through the air into your sensory center: a symphony of a thousand odors that all of us exude at every moment—the shampoo she uses, her cologne, her sweat, the exhaust and discharge from her digestive system, her sexual perfume, the fragrance of her clothing—grenades of eroticism exploding in the olfactory cell."

Under such heavy bombardment many a man may shrink from the ultimate experience of actual psychedelic lovemaking. As a matter of fact it cannot be done unless both partners are extremely agreeable and preferably married. Using LSD for purposes of seduction will never work out, your motives will be as clear as daylight, you'll look like a monster and the girl will scream and go into a paranoid state.

On the other hand, the bonds and connections that develop under psychedelic lovemaking are so powerful (Dr. Leary reports) that it would be impossible for the partners not to be in love with each other thereafter. Taking LSD trips together, says Dr. Leary, will lead to greater fidelity in marriage, which is desirable in the new LSD society. And instead of chasing one girl after another (and vice versa) a person will be "exploring the incredible depths and varieties of his own identity with a single member of the opposite sex. This involves time and commitment to the voyage."

Other medical aspects of LSD include its successful (though still on an experimental scale) use in curing chronic alcoholism and its pain killing effect on patients dying of cancer (reportedly more prolonged and more effective than any substance known) so that they developed a new attitude toward dying, which gave them peace of mind even after the drug had worn off.

Chronic alcoholics have stopped drinking, hardened criminals seem to have been rehabilitated, and homosexuals have been straightened out, according to a survey carried out by the research team of R.E.L. Masters and Jean Houston in a recent study called VARIETIES OF PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE.

On the other hand, Drs. Masters and Houston state, unusual behavior can also be expected. Witness the young economist the authors heard about who, under the influence of the drug, regressed to infancy: "He tore off his clothing and defecated. Then he tried to get into the womb of his girl friend who was an observer at the session."

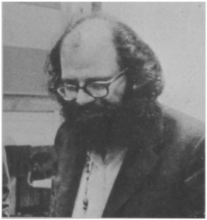
Lawrence Schiller, while delving into the psychedelic world for material for a documentary album he co-produced for Capitol records ('LSD'—Capitol 2574) heard of teenagers growling like dogs and eating the bark off trees while under the influence of LSD while another adolescent slashed his arm in the middle of a trip and bled to death on a field of lilies.

Observed behavior depends on both the individual and the circumstances under which the trip was carried out. According to Dr. Leary (interviewed on the same record) "In over 3000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, there have only been four cases of prolonged psychoses—about two or three weeks after the session. All of these had been in mental hospitals before and they were people who could not commit themselves to any stable relationship."

It is dangerous, Dr. Leary goes on to state, to take a trip if you have no in-

(Continued on page 56)

LSD sessions which seem to be a vision of Beat poet Allen Ginsberg's, one of LSD's more outspoken proponents (r.) vary from loving congeniality (top) to isolate horror seen below in these photos of an actual trip shot for Capitol Records. Unusual behavior while on LSD can always be expected. Drs. Houston and Masters report the case of the young economist who ripped off his clothing and then defecated after which he tried to enter the womb of his girl friend. LSD obviously made him regress completely to a state of early infancy.



SEX GODDESS RAQUEL WELCH

■

"IT CAN'T BE ME!"

By BERNIE STILES

■ Every man on the rooftop of the Naples hotel was looking, openly and admiringly, as she lay stretched out beside the pool, her bikini doing practically nothing to hide the figure which has decorated more European magazine covers than she can remember. But Raquel (pronounced Rock-el) Tejada Welch was cool as a frosted daiquiri in July. "As a little girl," she was saying, "I looked at film stars as Fantasy Land. I still do. I never really believe it's me they're talking about. I enjoy it vicariously, but I don't believe it."

And it's small wonder. For, little more than three years ago, in September, 1963, Raquel arrived in Hollywood, knowing no one and with professional experience which was made up only of some local modeling jobs and a stint as a San Diego TV station's weather girl. She had, of course, won some beauty contests, but beauty queens are a dime a dozen in Glamourville, even with all the talk about inflation. By all rights, Raquel should never even have gotten inside a producer's office.

But there she was in Naples (Italy, that is) starring in a movie called "The Biggest Bundle of Them All"; hobnobbing with such stars as Edward G. Robinson, who did a guest bit in the film; being introduced to Queen Elizabeth II; and being touted as the biggest sex bomb since Marilyn Monroe.

Raquel maybe doesn't believe it, but that doesn't mean she doesn't like it. "I'm a sex bomb and I love it," she says. "I adore it when men look at me and say I'm gorgeous."

Well, gorgeous she is, all 5'6" and 118 pounds of her, distributed into curves which measure out at 37-22½-35½ in the strategic spots. Her hair is long and brown, her eyes brown and deep, her teeth white, and her skin perpetually tanned to a golden glow. But as she herself says, "Beauty and body alone are not enough. The world is full of beautiful girls."

So Raquel is more. She is intelligent, literate and, some people say, dogged in her determination to get to the top and stay there. To achieve this, she has waged a publicity campaign that would do credit to the biggest advertising agency on Madison Avenue. Figuring, as Jayne Mansfield did before her, that photographers are a girl's best friends, she posed for thousands — millions, maybe — of pictures, practically always in one of her hundreds of bikinis. She has balked only at posing au naturel, though sometimes it has been hard to tell that she was wearing anything at all. She has sat still for countless interviews and, though her quotes weren't quite up to Marilyn Monroe's—"I sleep in Arpege"—they haven't been dull either.

So today 20th Century-Fox has torn up her old contract in favor of a new one which provides for much, much more moolah; she has begun playing opposite such big-time stars as Marcello Mastroianni; and is presently speeding along the European highways in a jazzy new silver Rolls convertible, $29,000 f.o.b. factory.

All of which goes to show what a pretty girl can accomplish when she makes up her mind to it.

Raquel made up her mind a long time ago, when she was growing up in La Jolla, California, a stone's throw north of San Diego and not too many miles from Glamourville. To begin with, she didn't seem to have much going for her. In her early teens she was a scrawny kid, so much so that the other girls called her "Bird Legs." But once she began filling out, wonderful things began to happen to her, and before she had plowed her way through high school she had won her first beauty contest, to become Miss Photogenic. She had latched onto half a dozen more such titles—which eventually led to her TV weather job—before love and marriage and their almost inevitable result, babies, put her out of action for a while.

The man in the case was Jim Welsh—she was born Raquel Tejada. They met during Raquel's one year at San Diego State College and were married in Las Vegas, either on January 31, 1959, or May 8 of the same year, depending on whom you want to believe, Raquel or the license bureau. Two children later—a son Damon, six, and a daughter Tahee, four—she and Jim drifted apart. "Raquel wanted a career, she wanted Hollywood, she was dead set on making good in pictures, and I was quite happy where I was," says Jim, who is now a real-estate operator in San Diego.

Raquel went back to her modeling and, in 1963, landed in Hollywood, hoping to make her start there as a model. She soon found that she was too big and voluptuous and curvy for fashion modeling, but at a party one night she met Patrick Curtis, a young publicity man who quickly estimated her assets and took her under his wing. He has now become a manager—with one client, Raquel.

Under Pat's guidance, Raquel began getting small movie and television roles, and the next year they were bigger and better, but she still had not made a dent on the American public or, even more important, on Hollywood brass. So in October, 1965, she and Pat set out for Europe, where curves like Raquel's are really appreciated. Soon her face—and her bikini-clad figure — were being displayed on hundreds of magazine covers, and Raquel was being signed for her first big movie role, in a picture called "One Million Years B.C." She wore the sort of costumes dames are supposed to have worn in those days—mostly nothing—and nobody paid any attention to whether she could act or not. She was quickly signed for a more important film, "Fantastic Voyage." There she was covered from head to toe with a white rubber suit which fit her like the proverbial paper on the wall. And Raquel had it made.

Since then, she has made "The Biggest Bundle of Them All," "Shout Loud, Louder—I Can't Understand," in which she is starred opposite Mastroianni, Italy's top actor; and last fall began work in "Fathom," with Tony Franciosa. Though none of these last three movies has yet been seen in the United States, Raquel has been swiping publicity and sexpot titles even from Ursula Andress and making a lot of would-be sex bombs in Hollywood wish they had stayed home and married that fellow in the filling station. Even the New York Times has sat up and taken notice in a piece titled "OK, OK. But Can She act?"

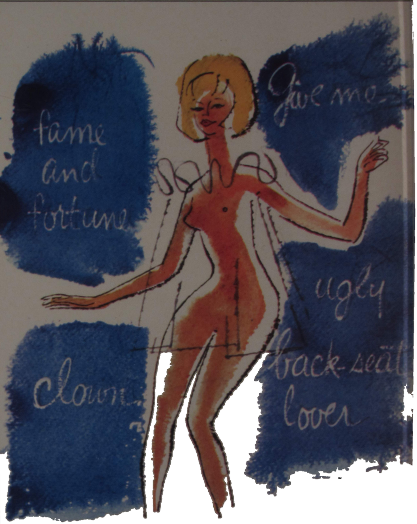
The general feeling is, however, who cares? Actresses come and go, but a genuine sex bomb is a joy forever—to the fellows for whom she makes money, and to all the other guys in the world. They can dream, can't they?

Now a married lady with a couple of kids is not the stuff of which sexpots are customarily made. (Remember when Caroll Baker gave it the old college try a couple of years ago?) So Raquel has pretty much kept her kids under under wraps. If La Jolla hadn't been such a small town that everybody knew everybody else, she might never have admitted having them at all. While she was getting a start, she left them at home with her mother and, when she got into the big money, she spirited them off to London, where they were stashed away in a private school. And if she has married Pat Curtis, her manager, as a lot of wise guys think, no one has so far been able to prove it. To dispell the rumors, she has even been dating Richard Zanuck, who is president of 20th Century-Fox, and you can't get much fancier in movie circles than that.

But Pat is the man behind the woman. He planned the campaign and she executed it. And the girl who had dreamed of becoming a movie star even when she was Miss Bird Legs is unlikely to cop out in favor of romance or nervous breakdowns or any of the other ailments that glamour girls seem so often prey to. Raquel has neither complexes or neuroses.

She is unconcerned about the state of the world, the plight of the Underprivileged, or who is going to be elected to office this, or any other year. She is concerned about one thing—being a movie star—and maybe to a lesser extent what kind of star she will be after her sexpot days are over. Since she is only 24 or 26, depending on whom you believe, this is of no immediate concern. But never let it be said that Raquel Tejada Welch doesn't believe in looking ahead and planning for the future. Look what she has done so far! **The End**

SUZY



FROM BEYOND THE FOOTLIGHTS EGO-BUILDING APPLAUSE FLOODED OVER SUZY — BUT OFFSTAGE LURKED THE HUMILIATION THAT A STRONG MAN CAN INFLICT ON HIS WOMAN ■ By ALICE NORMAN

■ At five o'clock in the afternoon, just two hours before she was due at the television station, Suzy Dare sat in her slip at the dressing table in the hotel bedroom trying to glue on false eyelashes. Her husband lay naked on his back on the bed, hands behind his head, watching her.

"Damn!" Suzy tore off the crooked eyelash and rubbed her hands together in her lap. She pulled a kleenex out of the box, leaned forward toward the mirror and carefully scrubbed at her eye. Then she picked up the small tube of glue, propped her wrist with her other hand and tried again.

"Want me to help?"

"Shut up." Suzy's mouth was grim. She had one of those faces which never look the same twice. Every photograph of her looked like someone different, and yet when she grinned people recognized her. She was somebody they knew and it made them feel good.

Her body was more recognizable than her face. Millions of people began to smile, anticipating their laughter, as soon as Suzy's angular leggy body appeared on stage. Audiences were aroused by the professional dancer's stride soon to be spoiled, they knew, by a lurch, a misstep, a prat fall.

"Come here."

"Sonny, will you kindly shut up? You know I'm no good at this." Her hand trembled and the eyelash landed in the middle of her eyelid. She tore it off, hurled it across the room and wheeled around to face him. "How am I supposed to make myself look like something with you lying there like that making cracks?"

"You're beautiful when you're angry," Sonny grinned.

She put her hands over her

ears. Sonny looked at her steadily. "I said come here."

"Oh, for God's sake, Sonny."

He took one arm from behind his head and beckoned to her.

"Cut it out. You're being just plain sadistic, trying to get me rattled. Anyhow, there isn't time."

"There's time."

"There is not. We're due at the studio at seven."

"That's two hours."

Suzy stood and paced back and forth at the foot of the bed. "This is a lousy time to bring it up, Sonny. I don't want to get into a knock-down-drag-out or anything. I thought we could just forget about it until after the program. But damn it all, you asked for it. You expect me to jump into bed with you when last night — just last night . . ." She bit her lip and turned away.

He looked at her back and pursed his lips. Then he sat up and reached for a cigarette. "Baby, she doesn't mean a thing to me. It was just a physical relationship. You know what I mean. Nothing." He gestured with his cigarette at her stiff back. "My relationship to you is more, uh, mental. Spiritual, really."

She groaned. "I may throw up."

Sonny frowned. He ground out the cigarette in the ash tray in the headboard, then he stood, walked to her, put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her neck. "Listen," he said earnestly, "I can prove that you mean more to me than the others. Every time, Suzy — every single time, I swear it—I pretend it's you."

She looked at him in despair. "My God, Sonny, words fail me. I wish I had a tape and could play this back to you. Can you honestly believe that stuff?"

He pulled her closer and whispered into her ear. "You've got to believe me, baby, because it's the truth. I love you and I always will."

She began to cry. He took her face in his hands, bent and kissed the tears on her face. "Oh baby, baby," he murmured. "You're the only girl for me."

She pulled away. "Let me go, Sonny. I've got to get dressed."

"Do you mean that?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, steadying her voice. "I mean it."

He let her go. "Okay baby, whatever you say goes with me. You know that."

She went back to the dressing table and sat down. Never mind, she thought. Never mind, never mind.

"Say, honey, let me have fifty, will you? I'm short."

She pointed to her purse.

They walked together into the large studio, the one with a stage and orchestra pit and permanent seats. Sonny escorted her backstage, kissed her and left to take up a post in the rear of the auditorium which was already jammed and noisy. He was very good at gauging audience reaction.

Waiting backstage, Suzy could feel the audience—uneasy, uncertain, wanting something to happen. It wasn't made up of individuals, Sonny and the producer and visiting performers and tourists, it was a large ungainly creature, like a prehistoric monster, and it wanted her. She could feel it crying out and she yearned to give it what it wanted.

As she stood behind the curtain, drawn into herself and unaware of the showtime bustle, she was like a camera coming into focus. Little by little every part of her focused on the audience as if this were the most important, most vital relationship she had ever had.

It was always like this. From the first day she had set foot on stage as a ringletted Meglin kiddie, she had felt the same tremendous urge to give. She heard the audience cry, "Give me!" Her senses were alerted and reserves of perception and skill flooded in, and she gave it all she had. Then it gave her back — understanding? Compassion? Recognition? For a moment it always seemed as if she got something, but it was an illusion. There was only the laughter, the applause, and it wasn't enough to last. Because the Suzy who stood on the stage was make-believe, a phony, a big bumbling boisterous clown. That's who the audience loved. The clown.

But she never gave up. Each time the audience called she answered, hope bubbling up joyfully from some mysterious inner artesian spring.

The MC shouted her name at the audience. Suzy arranged her face, took two loping steps onto the stage—and tripped. Unbelievable, when it looked as if she would pitch headlong into the orchestra pit, she caught her balance and landed on her feet, right beside the microphone. The audience howled, and Suzy grinned at them.

The beloved clown came alive. She grimaced, she gestured, she sang and danced, and she ended her performance with a magnificent prat fall. The audience was sated. There was applause, and Suzy felt the short moment of warmth, and then it was over.

Backstage people surrounded her while the final act and the commercial were running. She spoke to them, but the focus was gone. She felt dazed. It was like the afterglow when a bright light has suddenly flashed in the dark. She tingled with left-over feelings, but slowly they faded out and she was really standing there back stage and really talking to people and knowing what she said.

By that time they were off the air and Suzy looked around for Sonny. He wasn't there yet. Stage hands pushed by with props. The MC put his arm around her shoulder and told her she'd been great.

The producer came back with his wife and congratulated her and invited her to his house saying that the MC would be there and the other stars, but she declined. People were leaving, and the auditorium lights went out. Suzy shivered. What was keeping Sonny?

She peered out into the empty auditorium, but he wasn't there. Only stage hands were left now, none of the performers, and she felt anxiously alone. Then the stage lights went out leaving only a naked bulb to light the way for the few people still in the studio. It was surprising how fast the stage emptied once the show was over.

Suzy walked down into the darkened auditorium to wait. It was odd that he'd be so late. Maybe he was in the john. Suddenly exhausted, she sat down in an aisle seat. In the half-dark, sounds were weird and the footsteps of the stage hands echoed ominously. "Where the hell is he?" she muttered.

She closed her eyes, and heavy depression moved in. Her thoughts ran like an audible monologue. **Quit feeling sorry for yourself, clown. Can't stand it the second you're not on, is that the big problem? It figures. All you've got is fame and fortune, but that's not enough for you. Come on, snap out of it.** But the depression, black as mud, kept oozing in. **You're a big hit, they love you. Leave us not expect eggs in the beer.**

"Hiya, baby. You went over great."

She opened her eyes, and as soon as she saw him she knew. She didn't know how she knew, maybe because they'd been together so long, but it was written on his face so plainly that she was sure anyone could tell, though she'd learned long ago that everyone couldn't tell, only she could. Despair came at her first, then hatred. She wanted to say something so cruel that it would stab him as hard as he had stabbed her. But it wouldn't do; it would only make her the nagging wife. She smiled stiffly and stood up.

"You were a smash," he said. "Everyone said you were great."

She did not reply. Her silence would goad him, though not enough to say, "what's the matter?" That's what she wanted him to say. That's what she wanted to talk about.

He chatted as they walked out of the building and around to the dark parking lot where only a few cars were left. Still she said nothing, so he gave up and they drove to the hotel in silence.

In the room he said, "Want a night cap? You've had a big night."

"Haven't we all?" she spat at him. "Is your plan now to get me drunk so I'll forget all about it?"

He looked injured. "Baby, I don't know what you mean. I'm only thinking of you."

"Do me a favor and stop thinking of me, will you? In fact, do me a big favor and get out of my life."

He stepped toward her but she moved away. "Baby, you don't mean that. I know you. I know just how you feel right now. You're all let down from a big show and full of nerves. It's your temperament, but I don't mind. You wouldn't be as great as you are if you didn't have temperament."

She stared at him, rubbing her thighs with the flat of her palms. Her voice was low when she spoke. "Where were you this time? In the back seat of a car?"

His eyes gave him away.

She kept at him. "Isn't that going a little far, even for you? What are you trying to do, feel like a high school kid again?"

"Now, baby . . ."

"You haven't changed one damn bit in all these years. Once a back seat lover, always a back seat lover I guess."

"Baby, you're upset. Tomorrow . . ."

"There's only one reason I don't leave you right now," she said pacing back and forth beside the bed. "It sounds hoky as Pollyanna, but it's the truth. I don't believe in divorce. That's the easy way out. Around here that's as easy as falling off a log. But I don't care if everyone in the United States of America gets divorced, I won't do it! I won't be just one more Hollywood marriage. Do you hear me? Do you?" She pounded her fist on the dresser.

He looked resigned. "Baby, I agree with you absolutely. Marriage is sacred. Haven't I always said that? We mean something to each other, and our marriage . . ."

"No," she said. "Don't touch me. There will be no more of that between us. Never! You can crawl into back seats with cheap little pigs if you want to, but I'm not just one more pig!" She pushed past him and ran into the bathroom, locking the door. She leaned against the wash bowl and cried for a long time, hard.

Her thoughts raced. **I'm nothing but a damned fishwife. I should take up character parts. I'd make a spectacular shrew. What's the matter with me? Why do I keep making scenes about it? It isn't as if I didn't know what he was like all the time. So I thought he'd be different with me. Oh, that's a laugh, all right.**

Still crying, but not so hard, she took off the false eyelashes and washed her face. **It could be worse. He doesn't take dope.**

Finally she stopped crying and sat down on the edge of the tub. She felt bruised all over. Then she stood and washed her face once more. Slowly she took off her clothes, hung them on the hook on the back of the door, and put on her nightgown.

When she brushed her teeth, she took a long look at herself in the mirror, something she managed not to do even when she was making up. Ugly. Really ugly when she'd been crying. As if it made any difference. She turned from the mirror, took a deep breath and unlocked the door.

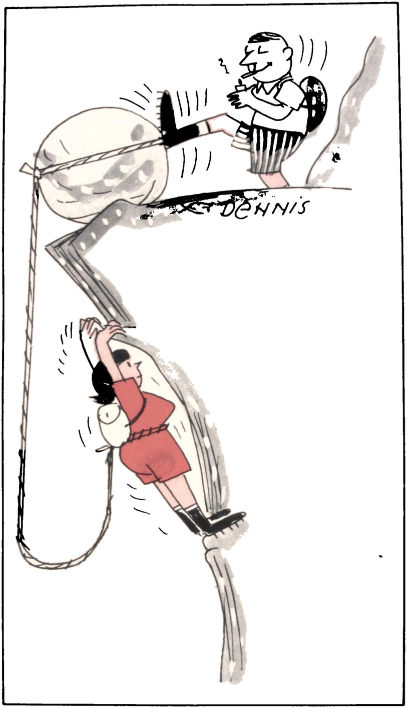
He grabbed her as soon as she stepped into the bedroom.

"Sonny, stop that . . ."

"No, baby, let me talk." He put his hand over her mouth and held her against the wall. The lights were off and the room was nearly dark, but it wasn't weird like a deserted stage. It was like night time in a home. "I don't blame you, baby, for being sore. It was a bad time for you to find out, right after a show. But you mustn't blame me, either, because I can't help it. It's the one thing I know how to do, and every time I have a chance, I have to take it. You know how to please an audience, and that's what you do. I know how to please women, so that's what I do." Suzy groaned through his fingers over her mouth. "Baby, you can hate me if it makes you feel better, but I don't think it does. I'm not real smart like you, but I know what I can do and what I can't. And I'll tell you again, just like I've told you plenty of times before, there isn't any woman in the world like you, Suzy. You're just head and shoulders above all the rest of them." He took his hand away from her mouth and stroked her hair. "You have the prettiest hair, and the biggest eyes." Suzy began to cry. "And the softest mouth," he whispered against her lips.

He moved his hands slowly down her back as he kissed her. Then he pulled her closer. Despite herself, she felt little and pretty and cherished. Despite herself, somewhere inside, she felt small and helpless.

Still kissing her, he guided her toward the bed. She felt like a woman, altogether a woman. He was shallow and selfish and faithless, a parasite and a fool. But what did it matter? Right now there was this, there was this. The End



the game

SHERMAN WAS ONLY SIX AND LOVED TO PLAY GAMES SO, IT SEEMED, DID THE WHITE ROBED MEN

■ by ADOBE JAMES

■ There was trouble; Sherman knew there was trouble, but when he didn't get walloped, he figured that it was nothing he had done.

His Daddy had come home a few minutes before, shaking and trembling and sweating and all gray—like a dead white man—and he wouldn't play with Sherman. His mother had taken one look at Daddy and put a hand to her mouth and said, without looking at him, "Shermie, baby. Go outside and play."

The twilight was changing to darkness, and the stars were beginning to pop out like white freckles on the black face of night.

Sherman threw a rock into the air; a bat swooped down on it. Sherman immediately threw again, attempting to hit the bird, but the bat eluded the second missile and returned to its darkness.

The six-year-old stopped as he heard the sound of motors growling up the dirt road. He crouched down in the bushes alongside the road and watched as two pickup trucks and two cars pulled up just beyond the bend, hidden from the house.

Fifteen men got out. Their long white robes and hoods looked ghostly in the half-light.

"Bang! Bang!" Sherman shouted, pointing a stick at the men.

Startled, several of them pivoted toward the bushes. Then one man laughed, "It's just the boy." Sherman recognized the voice, but he couldn't place it. The man called, "Come here, Shermie."

Sherman did as he was instructed.

"Where's your Daddy, boy?"

"In the house. Why you want to see my Daddy?"

"Why, now . . . we'd sure like to have a little talk with him," the man answered. He took Sherman's hand, and the men began walking quietly down the road toward the house.

A huge harvest moon—all golden—was beginning to rise in the east; it looked almost like his mother's skin.

The man called out, "Tad. Come on, Tad. We know you're in there."

The door was flung open. Sherman's mother stood in the doorway and yelled, "He's gone. Go away and leave us alone. God . . . please make 'em go away." She squinted her eyes and saw the boy. "Come in here, Sherman, this instant. It's way past your bed time."

The men slowly walked forward. The man holding Sherman's hand said softly, "You wouldn't lie to us, would you, Mrs. Washington?"

Sherman glanced up bashfully at the man, "People go to hell if they lie."

"That's right, Shermie. People go to hell . . ."

Only the whites of her eyes showing, the woman shook her head. "I swear . . . he ain't here. Why don't you leave us alone?"

The soft voice replied, "If he isn't here, then you won't mind if we take a little look." He motioned with his hand, and four white shadows glided forward.

"No . . . no," the woman cried. She was moved aside. Now everyone filed into the small front room. One robed figure stuck his head out of the bedroom, "He ain't in here."

The same message was conveyed by the other searchers.

"All right, Mrs. Washington, where is he?"

"He . . . he . . . said he was going to New Orleans . . . and he left just a few minutes ago. . . ." Her breath was coming in short, puppy-dog-like pants of fright, her complexion had lost its warm vibrancy, now it looked mottled.

Undecided, the robed figures milled in the middle of the room waiting for direction. One of them said, "He's hiding someplace nearby. He wouldn't run."

Sherman cocked his head to one side. "I bet I know."

"Sherman!" His mother's voice was a scream, a prayer, a plea. A hand was clapped over her mouth.

"Where, boy? Where?" Sherman took his hand away, eager to join the game.

"He ain't under the bed?"

"No."

"And he ain't hiding in the closet!" The last was a statement because when Daddy played hide-and-seek with him, he never hid in the closet.

"No, Sherman. Where?"

Sherman grinned. He put his finger to his mouth in a charade of silence and then tip-toed across the room. He went down on his hands and knees and crawled beneath the wood stove. Using his fingernails, he pried at a board until it swung outward at the bottom.

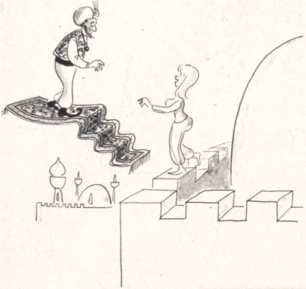
He peered into the darkness between the walls.

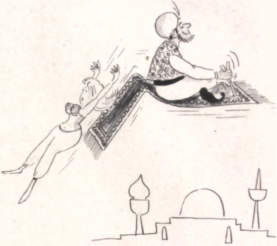
He grinned.

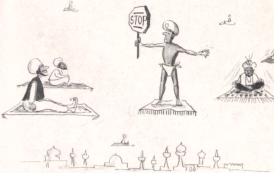
"Peek-aboo, Daddy," he said. The End

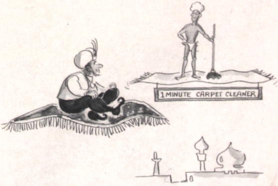
FLYING CARPETS

BY SCHOCHET





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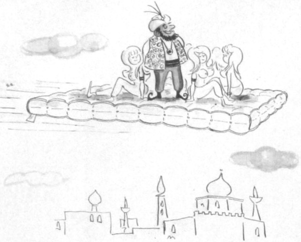
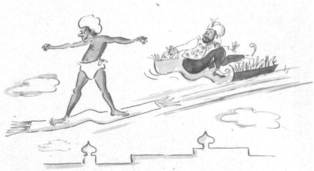
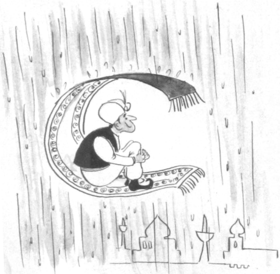
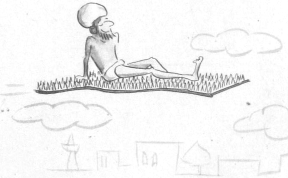








MAN WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

SONNY BROWN TOOK HIS PLACE IN JAZZ AMID THE COMBINED THUNDER OF HIS OWN DRUMS AND THE APPLAUSE OF HIS WILDLY CHEERING AUDIENCE

By NORMAN SCHREIBER

■ "There was Duke Ellington looking straight at me, and Paul Gonalves sitting in front of me and Cootie Williams sitting to my side and in fact the whole Ellington band sitting all around me, and me, Sonny Brown, I'm sitting where the drummer should be."

Of course, as most musicians are eager to admit, Sonny Brown had every right to be sitting where the drummer sits because Sonny is one of the most accomplished of the new drummers on the jazz scene.

This author asked, "Just how long did you play with Duke?" Sonny smiled and his cheeks expanded as if he were playing some horn. "Oh," he said, "I was with Duke for the better part of an evening."

"You mean he fired you?"

"Oh, no. Nothing of the sort. Duke already has a drummer, and a rather good one at that. I mean Sam Woodyard."

Sonny was thinking back to that day in 1964 when he was appearing with the Ray Bryant Trio at Basin Street East in New York City. Duke Ellington and his orchestra were on the same bill.

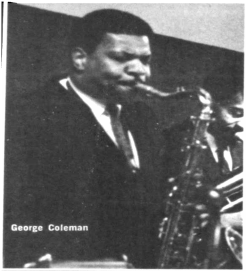
"I was watching Sam and he kept falling behind, and this guy's such a fantastic drummer I knew that there was something wrong. I knew this was my night to play with Duke."

Even when Sonny Brown was a thirteen-year-old kid in Cincinnati, he dreamed of the day he would play with Duke Ellington, just as a law student dreams of arguing a case before the Supreme Court. To

Sonny Brown

Attila Zoller

Pianist **Al Dailey** is
moved by Sonny's solo


George Coleman

Ray Copeland

hear Sonny tell it, Duke Ellington was "the man" of the household. "My father was a sort-of frustrated musician, and every time he brought home a Duke Ellington record there was a special atmosphere in the house." As Sonny got older the reverence for Duke Ellington increased. Sonny's thoughts jumped from Cincinnati to the Basin Street East.

"I could tell," he continued, "that Sam's hand was hurt, so when I finished my set, I rushed backstage, packed my drums, changed my clothes and ran down the stairs." He was desperate to get out of Basin Street East before he was called upon to do what he had spent a lifetime dreaming about. He knew that no matter how he sounded people would be talking about it for a long time. What they would say would depend on how well he did.

He was rushing down the stairs when Duke Ellington's manager stopped him. "Duke wants to talk to you."

"What for?" Sonny asked innocently.

"He just wants you to play drums for him. That's all."

Sonny found himself being forcibly coaxed into Duke's dressing room.

"Hey, baby," said Duke, "I want you to do me a favor."

"There are plenty of fine drummers in town. Why not call one of them?"

"No. I heard the way you work with Bryant and I want you."

"But I never played with a big band before, and besides, I don't know your arrangements." Duke smiled and Sonny felt slightly more at ease.

"All you have to do, Sonny, is look at me. It'll just be you and me."

Of course, the minute the young drummer walked into the jazz great's presence there were no doubts as to what the outcome would be.

"I only went to the bar for a couple of fast nerve-calmers and when I came back it seemed as if the word got out very fast. People had come from all over to see what I could do. And knowing that didn't make me feel any more secure."

Sonny remembers that night vividly. He remembers that he was positive that he was going to fall out of his chair. He remembers the fear that the audience would boo him, that Duke Ellington would never talk to him again, that he would make some terrible mistake and never be allowed to play anywhere again, not even at a bar mitzvah, and most of all that he might let Duke down. At the end of the night Duke patted Sonny on the back and said, "Man, where have you been?"

Sonny Brown had made it. Sonny Brown was a part of the jazz scene. The following day Sonny's phone began to ring like it never rang before. And that phone has never stopped ringing.

Some of the people that came to hear Sonny that night were people he had grown up with in Cincinnati.

"To understand me," says Sonny, "you've got to dig what it was like in Cincinnati."

Sonny was just about to explain what it was like in Cincinnati, when the phone rang. It was one of the members of his new group, the same group that had been written up in glowing terms on the pages of Downbeat, the jazz magazine.

"Cincinnati," Sonny continued, "is a strange town because there are a lot of people playing jazz, but not that much experimentation or exploration. Teddy Wilson told me one time that somehow or other just about every musician on tour has gotten stranded in Cincinnati. I didn't mind too much because that's how I learned. Of course, we had quite a few home-grown musicians." Sonny remembers sitting on George Russell's stoop and hanging around with Frank Foster.

But a good many of the people that Sonny played with were never heard of outside of Cincinnati. "Two of the best people I've ever heard lived on my street. One died and the other got frustrated and just gave up."

Sonny learned from everybody he could. When "Jazz at the Philharmonic" shows came to town Sonny and a bunch of friends would sneak in. His uncle became manager of a night club and when Sonny got a chance he would sit in a corner and listen. He started buying records and copying performances. And pretty soon he was trying things that he had thought of. "It might have made me a better drummer," says Sonny, "I really don't know, but some of those cats in Cincinnati would tell me very firmly that they didn't want me to play with them because I was too extreme. If those people had their way I would never have developed." That Sonny has developed has been glowingly attested to by the Downbeat staff and writers for other music publications. Dan Morgenstern says of Sonny's group, "It was a welcome change from the standard format of jazz ensembles to hear a group like this." The outstanding personnel and unusual instrumentation of Sonny's group are as follows: Ray Copeland, trumpet and flugelhorn; Kwane Zwadi, tenor horn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Attila Zoller, guitar; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Albert Dailey, piano; Edward Mathias, bass; and, of course, Sonny on drums. Downbeat flatly describes this group as being "excellent."

"It's sort of embarrassing to have my own group," says Sonny. "So many cats call me up for work, and I have to turn them down, because . . . well, because I already have my group."

If Sonny had his way he would hire almost everybody. His memories of starting are

(Continued on page 56)

Edward Mathias

who · or what · told the untouchable blonde to

By DICK DELSON ■ We met in Puerto Rico. In San Juan—at one of the big hotels along the Condado. I was there on a photo assignment and the work had gone easily and quickly that day. Normally, I didn't get back to the hotel until sunset, but it was only noon—a noon that dominated both sea and the sky. I stood on the terrace above the pool area and looked out at the sun worshipers below.

I was about to leave when I spotted her lying face down, motionless, on a chaise lounge near the back wall of the pool area. Her blonde hair hung loosely about her face, and her one piece bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders, and her back, a ruddy, orange brown, shone in the sun. And she was alone.

"Forget it, she's an untouchable," the voice behind me said, interrupting my thoughts. I turned to see a friend who worked for the hotel.

"Only India has untouchables," I retorted.

He smiled. "In this case, so does Puerto Rico." His voice and a certain smugness about it—which tried to convey that he knew all the answers.

"Time will tell."

"Believe me, I've tried."

I took the circular stairs two at a time, nodded a greeting to the pool manager and made my way through the chaise lounges to where she was sunning.

"Is it true that you're an untouchable?"

She looked up. Her face was hard and lovely. "I'm not quite sure what you mean?"

"Do you ever talk to strangers?"

"Not usually."

"Why not?"

"Because of my business." She looked at me as though wishing I'd go away. "I'm an actress."

"Stage, screen, television—what?"

"Movies."

"Been in any pictures I've seen?"

"I doubt it. I make most of my pictures in South America."

"Know what . . .?"

"What?"

"You're not an untouchable."

I sat down beside her and she made a superflous gesture of moving over for me. She laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing . . . you . . . it's just that I meet so many men. Guys on the make all the time." She looked me over completely, and as she did, something in her went out to me. I desired her, yet I knew that she would forget me half an hour after I left her—like an actor she might kiss in a movie.

"How do you know I'm not one of them?"

She smiled. "You probably are, but I'll take that chance."

"My name is Richard. I'm a photographer . . . and in public relations . . . among other things."

RUN KATHY RUN

"Kathy . . . and what are the other things?"

"Too numerous to mention now. When I know you better. Say over dinner?"

She hesitated for a moment and then told me that it was impossible. "My fiance wouldn't go for it."

"You here with him?"

She nodded. "He's making a movie here. He's a cameraman."

"And what are you doing here . . . besides loafing?"

She reached under the chaise lounge and pulled out a script. "Studying a part. I've got the second lead."

She told me what it was about, but I really wasn't interested.

"Sure you won't change your mind about tonight?" I asked after noticing that she wore no engagement ring.

"Positive," she answered.

We met again a day later and she introduced me to the man she called her fiance. He was tall and his body was hard but overspare save for the bunched force gathered in his shoulders and upper arms. At first glance, he seemed conventionally handsome — but there was a faint disgust always in his face which marred the full fierce luster of his brown eyes. He sat silently while Kathy and I talked about Puerto Rico, movies, sex and any other subject that came to pass.

Alex—I learned that much from him—was obviously bored with the conversation, with me and apparently with Kathy, too. When he spoke it was only to order another drink or to mention some bare facts about his life. He was a cameraman—a truth I already knew—like his father before him and he worked for a company in Mexico City. He did, during one of the brief interludes, mention that he was Mexican. He quickly went through three vodka martinis before telling Kathy it was time to leave. She offered no resistance.

On successive meetings with Kathy—mostly by the pool—she told me that she and Alex were secretly married; were not married; had made movies together; were about to make their first picture together; that she had appeared in living color and black and white on the center pages of a man's magazine; was an aquamaid—although I never once saw her enter the water—and countless other tidbits.

Alex, on the other hand, when we did occasionally meet, conveyed the impression that his "romance" with Kathy was nothing more than a passing fancy, that she certainly wasn't the only woman in his life, and that he was, in fact, fooling around in Puerto Rico.

When my assignment was completed, I gave Kathy my business card and invited both for drinks, if and when they reached New York. I left convinced that Kathy was an habitual liar and that Alex played along with her, for reasons I had not been able to ascertain.

Three months later—almost to the day—Kathy called my office. She had moved to New York and was living in an apartment on the east side. No . . . Alex wasn't with her. He had first gone back to Mexico City and was now in Buenos Aires filming another movie. No . . . she hadn't heard from him. She asked that I buy her a drink and she'd explain everything. I agreed to meet her at six the next evening at one of my favorite pubs on Madison Avenue.

I drank alone that night until nearly nine o'clock. No Kathy, no telephone call . . . nothing. What annoyed me wasn't so much the fact that I missed seeing her, but that she had stood me up. I wasn't about to make the same mistake a second time.

Kathy's second call came a week later—complete with excuses. A friend had taken sick and there was no one to help her. She had rushed in to fill the breech. No time for a phone call. Sorry it had happened. Could we possibly have that drink?

I hesitated, pleading a heavy work schedule. She persisted and finally wrung a commitment from me. Same time, same pub, next day. She stood me up again.

I called her apartment the next day, and someone else answered the telephone.

"Oh—Kathy's told me all about you. Says you're good friends and all that; and important," she said.

"Who are you?"

"My name's Joannie. I'm Kathy's roommate."

"Oh . . . since when?"

"I moved in a couple of days ago. I'm going to stay until I have my baby or can find a place of my own."

"Where's your husband . . . not that it's really any of my business."

"That's all right. I'm not married."

I could feel my pulse quicken and I wanted to break off the conversation before it proceeded any further. Getting involved with Kathy had been an unfortunate mistake. I didn't want to follow the same pattern with Joannie. But curiosity overcame me.

"Where did you meet Kathy?"

"In Puerto Rico."

"When? And what were you doing there?"

"About a month ago. . . . I was there trying to arrange an abortion."

"It figures," I muttered. "By the way, where is Kathy?"

"In Boston—for a television appearance. She'll be back by the end of the week."

"She really gets around."

"Yeah . . . always on the run."

I asked her to convey the fact that I had called. I had more than fulfilled my commitment. I hoped I wouldn't hear from Kathy again.

Joannie called the next day.

"I wonder if you could meet me for a drink?" she asked.

"I've been through this twice in little over a week," I answered.

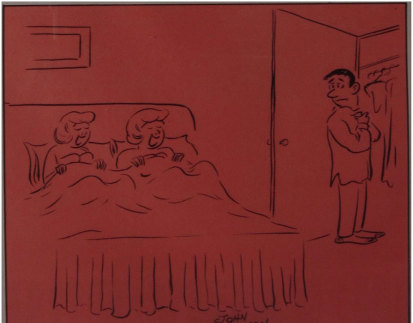
"I don't understand."

"Kathy has stood me up twice. I'm not in the mood to try a third time."

"I'd like to talk to you. It's important."

"What's wrong with you now?"

"Ple[illegible] . . . not over the telephone."



". . . Double your Pleasure, Double your Fun . . ."

"How will I know you?" I asked.

"I'll be the only pregnant woman wearing a black dress."

Joannie's face could be described in terms of conventional prettiness.

"Thanks for meeting me," she said.

"It's kind of nice to have someone show up," I answered, sliding into the booth next to her. She was wearing a black shift and didn't look very pregnant. But Stouffer's bar is small and it was easy to spot her. Besides, there was only a handful of women sitting about and hers were the only eyes filled with anxiety.

We ordered our drinks.

". . . I realize that I hardly know you," she said. "Except of course, what Kathy's told me."

"Kathy doesn't know anything about me," I interrupted.

"Yes . . . well, it really doesn't matter. I'd like to ask a favor."

"What's your problem?" I asked.

"I wonder if you can help me find a job?"

"What kind?"

"Public relations . . . or something like that."

"Just something like that," I said. "You have any experience?"

"I did some writing in Syracuse."

"How much and what kind?"

"Mostly real estate. Here are two of my stories."

She handed me two releases. I quickly read and returned them.

"What do you think?" she asked hopefully.

"Honestly?"

"Yes."

"Look for some other kind of work."

I could see that I hurt her feelings. "I'm sorry . . . but you asked for an honest answer."

She dropped her head. "It's just that I need a job."

"Why not go to an employment agency, or one of those temporary places? You don't have to tell them you're pregnant."

"I thought about that, but I'd have to pay a fee . . . and I don't think it's worth it, because I won't be able to work that long."

"Be happy to get a job. Once they discover you're pregnant, they'll probably fire you anyway. Try to make as much money as you can," I suggested. "By the way, how many months pregnant are you?"

"Almost four."

"Want to tell me about it?"

She shrugged. "It just happened. I met some guy. He was much older than I, but he was kind and charming. When I told him I was pregnant, he said he was married . . . that he wouldn't leave his wife. That's all there is to it."

"He paying all the doctor and hospital bills?"

"Uh huh . . . he's been nice about that. But I need more to live on. He gives me some money, but it isn't enough. I'd like another drink."

I ordered another round and when we finished, I offered to buy her dinner.

"You don't have to."

"I know. But since I have to eat ,you might as well join me."

We went to the Cafe Renaissance and ate liver pate with crisp French bread and plenty of butter, lobster, washing it down with Hans Cristof Liebfraumilch 1959, fresh strawberries and thick cream, and finished with coffee and brandy. I don't know why I selected the Cafe Renaissance which is very expensive, but perhaps it was because I had begun to feel sorry for her.

"It was the most marvelous meal I've ever had," she said, settling back in her chair. I lit a cigarette for her.

"It must be wonderful to be rich," she said.

"Believe me, I'm not. It's just that I enjoy pleasant company."

She thanked me with a smile of radiant appreciation.

"How did you get mixed up with Kathy?"

"I needed a place to stay. Her apartment's free. Besides, she's out of town a lot and I have all the privacy I want."

"Why does she travel so much?"

She smiled. "It's her line of work. By the way, has she ever told you what she really does?"

"I thought she was an actress," I said

She laughed. "She must be. She fooled you."

"I don't understand."

"Kathy's a hustler. A high price call girl. A one hundred dollar a night lay. That's what she's doing in Boston."

I was embarrassed by my stupidity. "I should have known. But then I never really knew her, except in Puerto Rico."

"With Alex?"

"Yes . . . why? Who was he?"

"One of her Johns. He paid her."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Why'd you take me to dinner?"

"I told you . . . I like the company."

She smiled. "So do I."

When we reached her apartment, she invited me in for a nightcap. "Kathy's away being an actress," she quipped.

She mixed an excellent martini and then left the room for a moment. When she returned, her black hair, in a bun during the evening, hung loosely about her shoulders. Her face radiated warmth. She had no colthes on and only her ever so slightly swelled stomach marred her prettiness.

"Ever make love to a pregnant woman?"

"No."

"There's a first time for everything." Her eyes were photographic and did not move from my face. She came toward me, and she passed inside the focus of my vision, I kissed her breathlessly. Then she lay back against my arm and sighed.

". . . Close the lights."

Her face, ivory gold against the blurred sunlight streaming through the window, was one which I knew, but had never really seen before. The high cheekbones, the faintly wan quality, was cool rather than feverish. It was a face that would be handsome in middle life and in old age—for the essential structure and economy was there.

And now she sat in my office, unannounced, with an attitude of nonchalance, almost as if our relationship had been one of long standing. She had been "passing by" and decided to stop up.

"What did you think of Joannie?"

"She's a nice girl."

"Did you sleep with her?" she asked without a trace of emotion.

"I don't ask who you sleep with. Besides, if you want to know, ask her. She lives in your apartment."

Her voice became stern and unmodulated. "It doesn't make any difference. I'm going to throw her out anyway. She's always snooping into my business."

"Which is?" I asked.

"I told you," she answered, cold now. "I'm an actress."

"Why'd you let her stay if you don't like her?" I asked, shifting the conversation back to Joannie.

"I felt sorry for her. She got herself knocked up and had no place to go. I guess I have a soft heart."

"And now it's turned to stone," I said, thinking of nothing but disagreeable remarks.

"I don't like her making dates with my friends," she continued.

"Me, for example?"

"Yes."

"Oh—I had no idea we were that friendly. You asked me out twice and stood me up both times."

"I'm sorry about that, but I just couldn't keep the dates."

"You could have called."

"I was on the run. I didn't have the time."

"Seems like you're always on the run."

"That's the way it is in show business."

"Or any other business."

"I don't follow you?"

Unlike lovers, we possessed no past, and unlike man and wife, we had no future. My words became brutal. "Boston, New Haven . . . every week or so. Follow me now?"

"She tell you?" she asked indignantly.

"Not really," I lied. "It wasn't too hard to figure out. It's the reason you kept breaking our dates. Someone—shall we say a client out of kindness to you—would call at the last minute, and off you'd go, not wanting to lose out on a hundred dollars." I was cutting her now, but I didn't want to stop. "Okay, Kathy, we've established what you are. But what is it that you want from me? I'm not going to pay you ten cents, much less a hundred dollars."

She hesitated. "What about some of your important friends?" she asked.

"That's their business. Besides, what's in it for me?"

She hesitated again. "I'll cut you in on the action."

"No deal. I don't pimp for anyone."

She became fretful and her voice had a slight edge to it. "Suit yourself. I really don't need you. I don't need anyone. I do all right by myself."

(Continued on page 62)

SUE LAYTON

By IRVING CANE ■ Whereas this year marks the 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings; and whereas everything English is considered teddibly swinging these days; and whereas this month's birdwatching subject is of British descent and looks it; therefore, we decided to put our interview with Sue Layton in the form of questions and answers about the Mother Country, its history and customs, its idiosyncracies and its miniskirts.

The Battle of Hastings, you will perhaps recall, was fought in 1066. The Normans from France defeated the English, who by that time were a mixture of ancient Britons with the Danes, Angles and Saxons who had invaded the isles after the Romans cut out. When the Normans, under William the Conqueror, took over the government the stage was set for the development of modern Great Britain and of the modern English language, since no other nation has succeeded in invading old Blighty since then.

All of this was pretty earth-shaking, of course, and if one cannot say the same for Sue Layton, one can suggest that if William the Conqueror had to make a choice between her and England, it would be hard for him to make up his mind.

Our long-haired blonde is provocative of face, thrusting of bosom, round of bottom and really quite knowledgeable about the new Merrie England as well as some of the more traditional aspects of that country and its culture.

We started by asking her to define the terms "brolley," "clippie" and "dustman."

"Well," said Sue, smiling confidently, "those aren't so hard. A clippie is a lady on a London bus who collects the fares. A brolley is an umbrella, except that it isn't quite that simple. I mean it rains a lot in England and you use umbrellas to keep dry, but they're also a sort of badge of your status. A businessman wouldn't think of going to his office in the City of London without his brolley, regardless of what the weather is.

"Incidentally, the City of London is not a city at all. It's a very small area in the heart of London which is really the financial district—like the Wall Street section in New York.

"But anyway, the businessman has to have his brolley, you see, to show who he is. He might look just like a teacher or an engineer or something, but they wouldn't carry a brolley unless it was raining—maybe not even then.

"There are other funny things about this whole mystique, too. The same businessman who is inseparable from his brolley in London wouldn't think of carrying one when he's out in the country on holiday. I guess the idea is that he's supposed to rough it while he's out of the city—stiff upper lip and all that. On the

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SUE LAYTON

STARR
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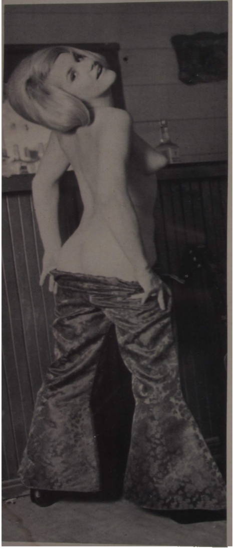

(Continued from page 28)

SUE LAYTON

other hand, clergymen almost never use brolleys while they're in the city, but do carry them out in the sticks. Why that is, I really have no idea."

Sue took on a puzzled mien at this point and asked, "What was the other word you asked me?"

"Dustman."

"Oh yes. Well, a dustman is a garbage man. I think it's a matter of euphemism, you know. The British don't want to acknowledge that they have anything around as unpleasant as garbage, so they think of it as dust instead."

"Now," we said, "this chap who always carries a brolley, or the clergyman for that matter—would they ever be seen in public wearing suspenders or knickers?"

Sue emitted a shrieking laugh and said, "Oh, I certainly hope not. Suspenders are what Americans would call garters, for girls' stockings. Not the round kind that go around your leg but the straight ones that dangle from a garter belt (known there as a suspender belt) or a girdle. And knickers are panties! At least that has been the term. I think it really goes back to the old days when panties were more like pantaloons that bloused down almost to the girl's knees and really looked something like what we would call knickers. Actually, the British are beginning now to call the little briefs that we wear today panties, just as we do."

"Now, Miss Layton," we asked, adopting the stiff, severe tones of a schoolmaster, "can you tell us what is meant by the term 'lines'?"

"Oh," said Sut, wincing in mock horror, "that's a very painful question. Lines are a form of punishment that English children get in school. Like you have to copy a hundred lines of Shakespeare or something in longhand if you're naughty. Not a very good way to get children to appreciate Shakespeare, I'm afraid."

"And what," we asked, "is meant by the expression 'six of the best'?"

"Wow," said Sue. "That's **really** painful. It should be 'six of the worst,' actually. It means six strokes across your bottom with a cane. The 'best' part means that they're laid on as hard as the teacher or parent can do it.

"I'd better explain this a little further. A cane in this case isn't a walking stick. I mean six strokes with that would break you in half. It's a thin, limber switch. Now that I've said that, American girls may think that's a little nothing. I mean they might have been taken over Mom's knee and been given a spanking that consisted of a couple dozen smacks. But that many lashes with a cane would be excruciating.

"I'm not speaking from personal experience. I had the good fortune never to be caned. But I have two girl friends who grew up in England and both told me

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THE GAMES MATE TRADERS PLAY

B. F. SHELTON, Editor

■ For a brief history of the sex survey that MR. Magazine has been conducting over the past decade, and for an explanation of our accomplishments and purposes, please see the box on page 38.

In this issue we continue with reports from "swappers," first that of a husband, R.E., who is resident in a southern state. His experience centers around an eight-couple group, which is an unusual group in that not one of the eight couples has children. The members countenance, in fact encourage Lesbian activity to some extent which, while not quite typical, is far from unique. And the group has developed games, with which to embellish or dress up the major game of sexual variety.

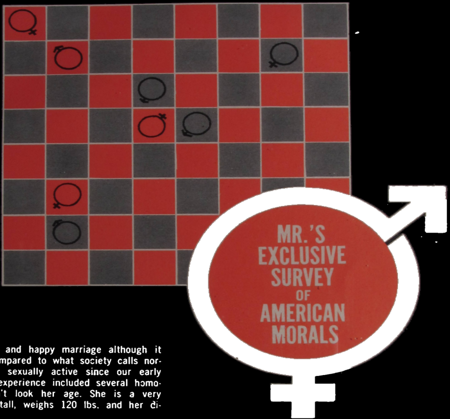
The use of one or another game within the context of the swapping club is common. This seems to stem, in many instances, from the desire of the members for a random method of selecting partners. So car keys may be tossed into a hat, and the wife who draws out a key draws at the same time her companion for the night; or a game of strip poker is organized, and the first nude male becomes the partner of the first nude female for that evening.

From such simple beginnings may develop rituals, initiations and ceremonies which incorporate considerable complexity. In this area a large amount of curiosity appears to exist, among both swappers and non-swappers, about what forms these games may take; and our first contributor describes some with which he is familiar. Here is what he has to say:

"We have enjoyed MR.'s sex survey for several years," writes R.E., "and have often thought of writing you about our experiences. With the help of my wife (I will use the name Betty—and all names will be fictitious) who drew up a rough outline, I am taking the plunge and hope the results will be worthwhile.

"For personal data, Betty and I are 36 and 34 respectively and we have been married 13 years. Due to a tubal pregnancy and operation, we are childless. I am a college graduate with a degree in industrial engineering and am self-employed as a manufacturer's representative. My income is approximately $20,000 per year after expenses and I travel almost constantly but get home on weekends when Betty is not with me and many times when she is.

"Betty is a registered nurse but has worked very little in the past 10 years. She will occasionally take a private duty assignment primarily to maintain her professional standing. As I have implied, she travels with me a great deal. Our home is in a large southeastern city. We have church and club affiliations but are not very active in either.



"We have a very solid and happy marriage although it is quite unconventional compared to what society calls normal. We have both been sexually active since our early teens. Betty's premarital experience included several homosexual affairs. She doesn't look her age. She is a very pretty brunette, is 5' 4" tall, weighs 120 lbs. and her dimentions are 34C-23-36.

"We have practiced swapping for over 10 years. In our third year of marriage we each had an extra-marital affair. Mine began secretively but was discovered by Betty. Hers was undertaken with my knowledge and, to our surprise, we found our sex life together greatly improved when we compared notes on our affairs. Both affairs ended in less than six months but our renewed interest in each other continued.

"Our introduction to swapping took place toward the end of this period and perhaps the circumstances will be pertinent to your survey. Betty was on a private duty case, working the 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. trick. Her patient was a well-to-do woman of 30 who we'll call Helen. Betty returned from a break about 1:30 A.M. to find Helen in the throes of a self-induced orgasm.

"It was not an unheard-of occurrence in a hospital so Betty re-assured Helen, who was rather embarrassed, and they had a laugh together over it. Helen said that she had awakened from a 'hot' dream and took advantage of Betty's absence to relieve her pent-up passions.

"In the intimate chat that took place, Helen confided that she was accustomed to having one or more orgasms nearly every day and that she badly missed them in the hospital. She was not ill, so Betty told her she could see nothing wrong in obtaining the relief she needed in order to be comfortable. So, each night when Betty came on, she would assist Helen in getting a climax and, as might be expected, it became a mutual thing as both girls revealed their bisexual leanings.

"During this course of events, Helen told Betty that she and her husband, Gary, were members of a wife-swapping club and that if we were interested, there was a good chance we could be accepted. Betty kept me informed of all that happened and Helen, of course, kept Gary informed. We talked it over and agreed that in view of our previous experience, it might be just what we needed. We put off any decision until we had a firm invitation, however.

MR.'S EXCLUSIVE SURVEY OF AMERICAN MORALS

Continued

When Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" appeared over a decade ago the dam of sexual reticence burst. As one New York reviewer put it at the time, "We may hate to face the facts, but two things seem evident—sexual habits are not static but in a process of change; and actual sexual conduct goes far beyond that sanctioned by law and theology."

Americans today seem conditioned to "facing the facts" no matter how unpleasant and disturbing. Even one Kinsey work—on women and abortion—was first published in McCall's, tagged then as "The Magazine of Togetherness."

MR. Magazine first entered the ranks of the "sex surveyors" with a single short article that related the true experiences of one man and one woman. The response of readers to this article was remarkable—and entirely unexpected—in its volume, variety and interest.

It was then the thought occurred to us that we might have hold of a real research tool. Kinsey's interview method was time-consuming and expensive. Did we have a new source of information, not available to him, which might give valid findings?

We continued to publish reports from readers as they came in. We gave the series no promotion, and while the circulation of the magazine remained constant the volume of letters grew steadily.

Then we checked with a friend of ours, a statistician specializing in sampling methods for industry. His opinion was that we had definitely stumbled onto a new and valuable sampling method.

By now our files were bulging with reports, particularly from the numerous "wife swapping" clubs around the country to which we had devoted several early articles. So we contacted the Institute for Sex Research, the organization founded by the late Doctor Kinsey, and turned our material over to the present director. "The Institute for Sex Research," he wrote us later, "appreciates the generosity of the Volitant Publishing Corporation in making available, for scientific purposes, material of definite research value."

With that encouragement, we have continued publishing reports from around the country as they have come to us, including a number on the "swap clubs" which appear to have developed to a large extent during the past twenty years since Kinsey did his basic research.

Our Survey, however, is in no sense limited to the clubs. Many areas of American love life are included, as regular followers of this department are aware.

Whatever the subject, we attempt, like Kinsey, to be objective and factual in our reporting. The timid reader may sometimes be upset, but anyone seeking off-color thrills will be equally disappointed. The reader who is seriously interested in the facts of life in our changing world will, we believe, be rewarded.

"The week following Helen's discharge from the hospital, she called Betty and invited us to dinner with her and Gary at a restaurant. We went and had a pleasant evening with little being said about the swap club. Three days later, Helen again called and invited us to dinner at their house and we accepted again. Nothing was said until after dinner and we were taken to their basement playroom. I noticed that a screen and projector was set up but no mention was made of it either at that time.

"When we were comfortably seated, Helen and Gary broke the news that we had been accepted as members if we wanted to be. To our surprise, we were told that during dinner at the restaurant, we had been practically surrounded by the other six couples in the group. They had looked us over, liked what they saw, and had given Helen and Gary the go-ahead to invite us in. To help us make up our minds, we were shown a thick album of 8 x 10 photographs, many in color, of the other seven couples who would comprise the club. All the faces were concealed by masks, but nothing else was left to the imagination. They were all nude and consisted of singles, couples and groups in endless poses. Several depicted two or more girls in lesbian acts, something we already knew the club permitted.

"I asked Betty what she thought and she said she was willing to go along if I was. With the die cast, Helen and Gary said they had arranged a little initiation party for us. With that, she took Betty in her arms and gave her a long, passionate kiss while Gary started the projector and dimmed the lights. Then Helen came into my arms while Betty cuddled up with Gary to watch the movies. The films ran perhaps an hour and we watched and petted, gradually shedding our clothes.

"Helen and Gary had a special bedroom to which we all went. It had two double beds, mirrors spotted strategically about and stereo music. Our first swap took place immediately. After a rest, Betty and Helen went to the bathroom together and when they returned, they took over one of the beds and gave us a thorough demonstration which prepared us for the second swap of the night.

"Betty and I reached home around 1 A.M. and in spite of the strenuous activity we had engaged in, we could hardly wait to have each other. It was one of the most thrilling nights we had ever had together. We went over every detail we could recall of the evening and it was nearly dawn before we were talked out.

"The following Saturday night we attended our first club meeting. We were warmly greeted by the other members. They were an attractive and congenial group and, except for the provocative dress of the wives, it could have been any average party during the buffet. There was a demonstration which set off a period of heavy petting and, following that, the swap took place. It was a most enjoyable evening, and was over by 1 o'clock.

"You may be interested in knowing how the club operates. It meets once a month and rotates between the homes of the members. The number of couples is limited to eight. Individual dates between members are permitted and while this usually occurs between couples, any two members can meet at a mutually agreed upon time, often in the afternoon. Two or more wives may also spend the afternoon together whenever they so desire. None of the couples have children, so there are few limitations upon club activities. Wives who may have a period at the time of a meeting are not excluded but participate to whatever extent they wish. They generally do not hesitate to satisfy their partner of the night by one of the non-coital methods.

"Each meeting features a demonstration with participants chosen in a rather complicated procedure. It consists of successive drawings from five small fish bowls which follow the meetings from house to house. The first drawing is for the wives only and consists of each drawing a sealed slip of paper from the first bowl. One slip of paper will have a star on it while the rest are blank. The wife drawing the star will participate in the demonstration unless she happens to be menstruating.

"The next bowl contains the names of all members, also sealed in small envelopes. The 'star' draws from this bowl and the name drawn is her partner, whether male or female. If she happens to draw her own name, she must perform alone. The next three bowls are labeled 'Male,' 'Female' and 'Solo' and each contains a number of small sealed envelopes containing detailed descriptions of various sex acts. The 'star' draws from the bowl corresponding to the sex of her partner or from the 'Solo' bowl if she has drawn her own name. There is always a certain amount of suspense connected with the drawing and a lot of fun.

"The demonstrations themselves are designed to bring the party to a boil for the swapping which follows. Betty has also, on several occasions, drawn her own name and entertained with a solo performance. To give you an idea of what the demonstrations are like, a girl and man may have to put on a skit in which the girl is seduced on a love seat which is supposed to be the back seat of a car parked in a lover's lane. Or, two girls may act the part of two schoolgirls spending the night together who discover the pleasures of lesbianism. Appropriate costumes and props are provided by the hosts.

"Shortly after we became club members I left the company I was working for and became a manufacturer's rep. Over the years, Betty and I have made contacts in most of the cities I call on. One of the things which surprised us was the extent of communication that exists between swappers. One of the wives in our club put us in contact with her sister and her husband in another city and others wrote to couples they knew to recommend us. These, in turn, referred us to others.

"We estimate that we have swapped with between forty and fifty couples outside our club. Some of these we have met on our own. Betty has made several contacts during casual conversations around a motel pool during the day. She has also met several singles, both men and women with whom we've engaged in a menage-a trois. There seems to be no end of persons looking for a little adventure with the right persons.

"Another facet of the swap game that surprises us somewhat is the lengths most couples will go to, to obtain offbeat thrills. A good percent of the wives will go in for lesbian relations with the encouragement of their husbands. We've never met a swapper of either sex who didn't enjoy oral sex and nearly all swappers have a collection of photographs, dildos, vibrators and other masturbation aids. Even bestiality is an accepted practice of many swap-wives and Betty has had this experience several times. We do very little looking for new partners now, but in the early days we never knew what to expect when we visited a new couple. We aren't trying to pass judgment on anyone (we like new thrills, too) but are simply reporting the facts as we have found them.

"In closing, Betty and I do enjoy (Continued on page 59)

ANNOUNCING — WIFE SWAPPING: A COMPLETE 8 YEAR SURVEY

Here, in one compact volume, are 256 pages of solid reporting on the Survey MR. Magazine has been conducting for nearly a decade. Swappers still tell their own stories—but with an organization, scope and frankness never before attempted. Sociologically, the most revolutionary book on sex mores since Kinsey's first study of the Human Male.

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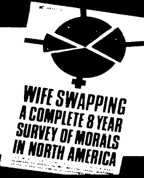


WILD WILD WORLD

NOSY-SNOOPER NEWS COLLECTED FROM NEARBY AND FAR OUT • By TONY CAMILLO

THE MINISKIRT SCENE: Waitress Linda Bennion set a new record in London by going to work in a skirt that ended a full ten inches above her knees. Asked why she had carried hemline hoisting to such an extreme, Linda offered a seemingly logical explanation: "My boss wants the girls to wear their hemlines at the level of the tabletops. I'm not as tall as the other girls, so that makes me have a really short skirt." . . . A 16-year-old blonde telephone operator, Lesley Yearsley, was sent home from work in Sydney, Australia, when she appeared in a skirt seven inches above the knee, which is five inches higher than her employers permit. Shortly after that, 23-year-old Richard Lees-Smith announced the formation of a free employment agency service for girls who had trouble getting or keeping jobs because they wore short skirts. Said Lees-Smith: "Generally speaking, Sydney employers are not at all with it." . . . Sweden, not England, is the country most receptive to soaring skirts, in the view of a British dress manufacturer who ships his wears all over the world and makes them available in different lengths to meet local taste. In the case of one dress, a hemline coming six inches above the knee was specified by one London boutique, one in New York and by nearly all of the stores in Sweden. Two inches above the knee was the requirement for most of England and New York, plus Canada, South Africa, Switzerland, Italy and Austria. . . . Looking at it a certain way (and who wouldn't want to), an unbeatable miniskirt mark was set by German actress Elke Sommers. She got off a plane at London Airport and a gust of propwash blew open her coat to reveal that she was wearing only a body stocking underneath—no skirt at all.

RAQUEL WELCH, the new Hollywood sex queen, is now in Rome working on a film called "Shout Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand." The picture is considered certain to advance Raquel's career for at least two reasons. She is co-starred with the great Marcello Mastroianni and one scene shows her to sizzling advantage in black lace bikini panties and matching bra. For more on Raquel, including color shots, see page 10.

THE BEACH PATROL in Miami finds all sorts of odd objects in its domain, including considerable numbers of false teeth. The dentures are donated to a dental technicians' school for classroom study. The cops think most of the teeth are lost by tourists boozing it up on fishing boats, then washed ashore.

"THE LESLIE UGGAMS BEAUTY BOOK," newly published by Prentice Hall, casts the TV-night club star as advisor to girls on how to look adorable. She ought to know.

CARROLL BAKER enlivened things at the Venice Film Festival by doing a sprightly dance on the beach while clad in a quite brief bikini.

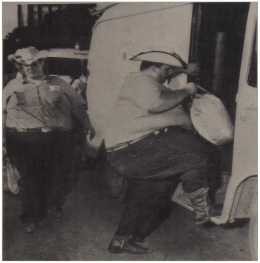
A STRIPPER in Hollywood calls herself Sybil Rights.

FOR PEOPLE who are really in a hurry to have lunch, one of the New York Automats now has food windows facing the street. You can put in the coins and take out a snack without even going inside the place.

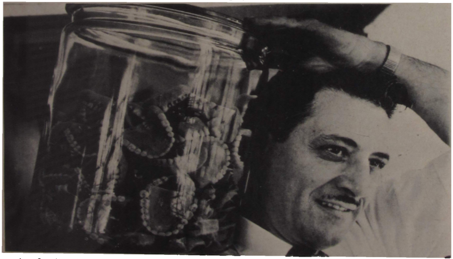
WHAT AMERICANS generally refer to as an "old-fashioned spanking" is really a new fashioned one by Dutch standards. At least that is one indication of a survey of child discipline conducted by a team of sociologists in Rotterdam. The scholars interviewed 50 mothers. They also spoke to the girls. There were questions on corporal punishment as received by the mothers when they were young and as inflicted by them on their own daughters. All but two of the older women had been spanked as youngsters, and 40 of the 50 used this method of punishment on their own girls. It was generally agreed that today's children are punished physically less frequently than their mothers were, but opinion was sharply divided on whether the spankings of today are more or less severe than those of the 1920s and '30s. A picture emerged of a change in methods. A typical spanking in the last generation found the girl bending over a bed or table and being smacked by a heavy strap, but with the advantage of either being fully dressed or at least having some clothing between strap and target. Today, on the other hand, it seems that the usual method is more "old-fashioned": the modern Dutch girl is spanked by hand or perhaps with a light paddle, but she finds herself stretched across Mom's knee with her seat either totally bare or, occasionally, protected by a thin pair of nylon panties. Each generation, almost needless to say, felt that it got the more severe treatment. "Nothing hurts like a razor strop!" summed up one mother. "That may be true," responded a 15-year-old daughter, "but I'd rather be stung than embarrassed to death. I wouldn't care if Mom used a horsewhip, if only she didn't insist on taking my panties down!"

Leslie Uggams authors beauty book.

arroll Baker dances on an Italian beach.



Weighty twins climb into a Texas paddy wagon.



Joe Comito, dental technician, holds jar of choppers raked up by beach patrols in Miami.

◀ Raquel Welch, most popular magazine cover gal in Europe.

THE POLICE in San Antonio made one of the biggest hauls in their history when they took in burglary suspects Bill and Benny McCrary. The McCrarys, 19-year-old twins, weigh about 450 pounds—apiece that is. The cops didn't have a prayer of getting them in a squad car and had to call a special wagon to take them to jail.

IN YUGOSLAVIA, where most of the striptease dancers are foreign girls, the government has urged the development of native talent—in order to pare down the gold outflow.

A POLL by Louis Harris indicates that, in New York at least, television is becoming a ghetto for kids, old people and the uneducated. His survey showed that at the prime time of 9 p.m. on Wednesdays, TV was failing to reach 60 per cent of the adult college-educated males in the community, 56 per cent of all male heads of households and 47 per cent of female heads of households. On the other hand, about 65 per cent of people over 50 did watch during prime time, and about half of the available children ogled the sets during the period from 5 to 8 p.m.

AFTER THE BIKINI comes, naturally, the trikini. A New York firm, Bleuette, has introduced a bathing suit consisting of a brief bottom and two separate cups that fit over the breasts and are stuck on with a fixative solution.

A HONG KONG GIRL visiting in Canton, China, was forced by Mao's Red Guards to change her panties because the ones she had on were red. They explained that it was an insult to the "sacred color" to put it to such use.

The End

THE ARTISTRY OF BLOOD

"LA CORRIDA DE TOROS" MAY BE CALLED A RITUAL, A CEREMONY, A SPECTACLE, OR A BALLET OF DEATH — BUT NEVER A SPORT

By RICHARD L. SARGENT ■ To an American raised on competitive sports, it is perfectly logical to go to a bullfight and yell, "Come on, bull—get him!"

It is an American tradition to root for the underdog.

But bullfighting is not an American creation and must not be evaluated by standards which are in no way applicable to it.

In point of fact, a bullfight is neither a sport nor a "fight" . . . at least not between man and animal. Posters announcing a fight often state six bulls will be killed. And if one is not prepared to see bulls killed, then one should not go to a bullfight.

The bullfight, more correctly called **La Corrida de Toros,** may be called a ritual, a ceremony, a spectacle, or a ballet of death, but not a sport. In Latin countries it is considered as much an art form as the ballet.

To understand the bullfight, one must first disabuse oneself of the mistaken notion that it is, in any way, an equal contest or duel between man and bull. There is never any question about whether the man or the bull will win, the only question being how well—how artistically—the man will accomplish the bull's death.

Therefore, to anyone who knows even a little about bullfighting, the American who shouts, "Come on, bull—kill him!" is as far out of line as a person who would go to a circus and shout, "Come on, aerialist—fall and get killed!"

Is, then, the term "bullfight" a complete misnomer? Not if one understands its true meaning. The "fight" is not between man and bull, but within the man himself. The natural instinct of man is to run when confronted with a vicious and deadly animal, but this is exactly what the matador must not do. To the contrary, he must taunt the bull into attacking him. Then he must stand absolutely still, and, by manipulation of the cape, cause the bull's horns to come within centimeters of tearing him wide open.

The matador must fight every natural instinct of his being. He must defy fear with the knowledge that his slightest miscalculation may result

in serious injury or death.

A matador's skill is judged somewhat in the same way as an actor performing in a very well known play is judged. In both instances neither the plot nor the outcome is in doubt. In both instances the audience comes to see the star demonstrate skill and artistry in carrying out a prescribed role. And just as each actor will give the same part a different interpretation, so does each matador have his own particular style.

There is, however, a decided difference between watching a play and watching a bullfight. Without any special study, anyone can judge an actor's performance but even many regulars at the bullfights do not know how to evaluate a matador's performance let alone that of his assistants (cuadrilla). To understand the skills and dangers required to execute certain passes requires a great deal more study than, say, learning the rules and psychology involved in various plays of football. Appreciation of the corrida increases in direct proportion to knowledge of it. First, one learns to recognize the various passes by name, purpose and history of invention. Otherwise one might witness a "Pass of Death" and not have the slightest conception of what the matador has done. Next, one might well learn the **tercios** (territories) of man and bull and thus recognize what is happening when the matador enters the bull's **tercio.** And beyond that, he might learn the complex patterns of the bull's behavior and physical makeup—particularly his field of vision.

The fighting bull is one of the most vicious, deadly, savage animals on the face of the earth. Throughout centuries, he has been bred for one purpose: to fight; to kill. His only reason for birth and existence is fulfilled in the final fifteen minutes of his life. Once killed, his meat is sold or given to the poor, but this is only to utilize that which would otherwise be wasted. Cattle provide far better meat and are much easier to raise. The idea that fighting bulls are raised for meat and whimsically killed in the arena instead of in the slaughterhouse is as ridiculous as it would be to maintain that racehorses are raised principally to provide raw material for glue factories.

It is not an easy matter to contrive a ritual which will place the bull in a non-competitive role. When the fighting bull first charges into the arena, he is a thousand pounds or more of fast, powerful, and very deadly animal. He will try to kill anything that moves. It would be as possible for one man to kill him in that state as it would be to derail a locomotive with a bean shooter.

To weaken the bull, to slow him down and make the kill possible, the picadors drive their lances into his shoulders and the long, barbed darts **(banderillas)** are jabbed into him. Just as the supporting cast in a play bring about scenes designed for the star, so do his assistants "set up" the bull in a manner designed to allow the **matador** to display his talents.

Americans dislike, in particular, the picadors. They frequently boo their entire performance without any consideration of whether it is good or bad. The picadors, mounted on padded and blindfolded horses, stab the bull with lances. The lance, or **puya**, is a long sturdy pole, and, at its tip, is a metal point having a diameter approximating that of a .50 caliber bullet. Correctly used, this tip is inserted at the point above the foreshoulders of the bull. As the bull digs his horns into the padding covering the horse's side, the picador leans on this lance, gouging the bull with the sharp point. Usually, this is repeated four to six times. Blood flows freely from the wounds, frequently covering the shoulders of the bull and running in wide ribbons down his forelegs. If the bull is weakened too much by the picadors, then the matador can not properly display his skill with the small red cape **(muleta).** If the bull is not sufficiently weakened, then the matador may find it almost impossible to kill him, most certainly to kill him cleanly. The matador may direct the picadors to stop after one or two pics if he believes he is fighting a weak animal. The main point is that the picadors are essential to the bullfight. It is the bloodiest part of the fight and definitely not for the squeamish—but then, what part of a bullfight is?

That the bullfight is a contrived ritual and by no means an equal contest is evidenced by the fact that while the matador trains and practices for many years, the bull, until it enters the arena, has never before encountered a man on foot. No matador will knowingly fight a bull that has previously been caped. To do so is regarded as sure suicide. The breeders of bulls employ mounted, armed guards to protect the bulls from aspiring toreros who try to gain experience by sneaking onto the ranches at night to practice caping bulls. Anyone attempting to do this is subject to being shot on sight.

This also explains why the bull is killed. Once fought, he can never be fought again. He is completely useless. The only logical thing to do is to kill him.

Once in perhaps a thousand corridas, a fighting bull displays such extraordinary bravery and courage that he is deemed too valuable a breeding prospect to be killed. In this extremely rare instance, he is granted the **indulto** or pardon. He is returned to the corrals alive. When his wounds from the pics and banderillas heal, he will be sent back to the ranch to father other brave bulls.

In other instances, no matter how much goading with the pic and banderillas he receives, a bull simply will not charge. He, too, leaves the arena alive—but in the corrals he will be butchered like a pig.

Several years ago, there was an attempt to stage a "bloodless bullfight" in Gardena, California. Churches, women's clubs, and the S.P.C.A. set up such a howl of protest that it was cancelled. More recently, a bloodless bullfight was staged in the Convention Center at Las Vegas, Nevada. In these mock fights, the picadors are either dispensed with altogether, or there are no tips on their lances. The banderillas are stuck into a cork pad strapped to the bull's back. At the Moment of Truth, the matador has no sword in his hand. From the brief description provided here, of the purposes of the pics and banderillas, it should be obvious that a "bloodless bullfight" can only be a satire of the real thing.

Despite this event, and possible repetitions, there is not even a remote chance that bullfighting will be imported into the United States. On the whole, it is as foreign to our culture as it is natural in the Latin countries. In those countries, there are hundreds of bull breeding ranches and bullrings representing the investment of billions of dollars. The number of people who derive their livelihoods from bullfighting is incalculable, but it certainly must equal that of a major industry. But there, bullfighting is more than an industry, it is an institution . . . a way of life. The United States would have to declare war on—and conquer—every nation which permits bullfighting to abolish it. For all practical purposes then, bullfighting exists and will continue to exist, and any evaluation of it as to whether it is right or wrong and should or should not be allowed to continue, is just a little more than silly.

Even when visiting a Latin country, no American is going to be forced to witness a corrida. To the contrary, he must go considerably out of his way to see one. It is, then, essentially a matter for personal acceptance or rejection and not a subject for wholesale moral evaluations.

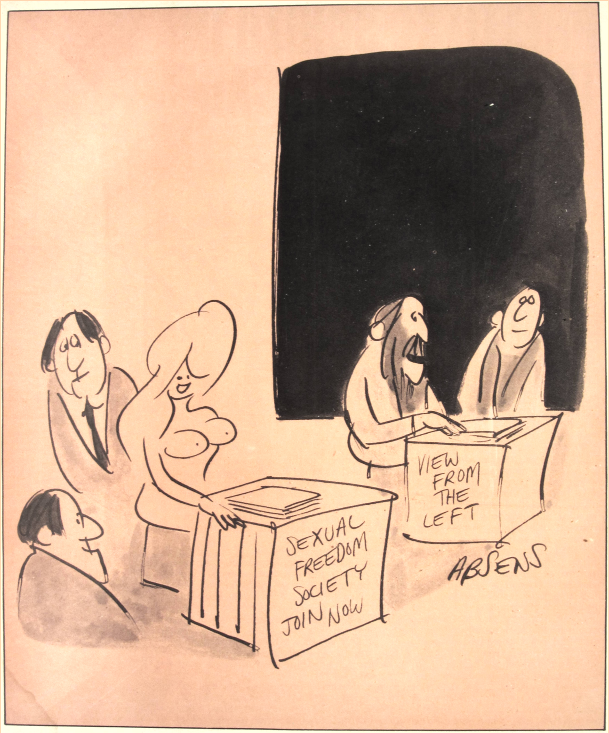
My favorite quotation about bullfighting is: "The bullfight is an enactment of what happens to every man, every day of his life, whether he is in the bullring or is trapped in an office being slowly strangled to death by paper clips and the glue on envelopes." It has been called a religious rite, a depiction of the struggle between good and evil, and those of Freudian bent even see it as a homosexual playlet. I would suggest to the latter that if they tried just a little harder, they could have an equally delightful time formulating theories about the phallic symbolism of the bat and ball and all male participation in baseball.

I have never met anyone who consistently goes to the bullfights because of the symbolic meaning. If indeed there are those who derive some special pleasure from believing they are watching a ceremony full of symbolism and significance, then they are welcome to their pet theory, but I believe such persons are a very small minority.

Why go to a bullfight?

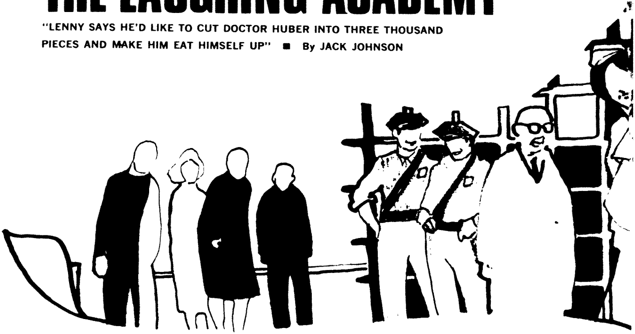
The first answer that comes to mind is because it is a unique experience. But the answer must go far beyond that. The attraction, I believe, is of the same nature as the fascination of watching a circus aerialist perform on the high wire without a net, or watching an auto

(Continued on page 62)


SEXUAL FREEDOM SOCIETY JOIN NOW
VIEW FROM THE LEFT
ABSENS

PRETTIEST SCHIZO IN THE LAUGHING ACADEMY

"LENNY SAYS HE'D LIKE TO CUT DOCTOR HUBER INTO THREE THOUSAND PIECES AND MAKE HIM EAT HIMSELF UP" ■ By JACK JOHNSON



■ Dear Gawd, they lock me and my loving body up in this madhouse because I'm a twenny sick year old schizo—Susan, darling, they call me even though darling ain't my last name—and believe me I'm not praying for me, dear Gawd, but praying for help because all the crowd of other nuts, the sadists and the nincompoops and masochists and cannibals and depressives and all like that always come to me in a frenzy and say, "Susan, darling, you the prettiest little schizo in this madhouse so, roasting sunshine, shine on me and cure me so I can get my own ass out of this madhouse."

And, dear Gawd, with tears in my heart I really try. I may be crazy, but I'm not stupid. I make a deep try to help all these poor afflicted humans who are beclouded in their heads, but you better send me some help, dear Gawd, because some of these nutty potty suckers are 'way beyond the help of a peculiar twenny sick year old schizo like me. And I may be nuts, but I'm not pregnant.

For instance Mr. McCartney, our friendly cannibal who wants to eat people alive. And puzzling Mrs. Gracie who twice a day falls apart in the head and plays the invisible piano. And Julian who says he's a devastating troglodyte, but is really a fairy—a fairy nice boy—because his mother, a sick modern example of Freudian voodooism, made him wear dresses until he was twenny sick years old.

And for instance Mr. Gingrich, a real swinger, who pushes the bell for the elevator on a blank wall where there is no bell button and no elevator. Jeeze! Sure as hell breeds little red devils, you better send me some help, dear Gawd, so I can help these people find their normal selves, stop

juggling demented dismal thoughts, and finally get out of this madhouse some way except feet first and not breathing!

On Hallow Wing, for instance, all the nuts put on crazy masks and they looked much better that way than with their normal ordinary faces. I may not be smart, but I'm not blind. I suggested to Doctor Huber that we wear masks all year except on Hallow Wing, when we can frighten people with our natural faces.

No, Doctor Huber didn't appreciate my suggestion at all. Ke-rice! And I was only trying to be helpful. He pinched me on my deer which are twins, according to perplexing scripture—"Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies."—but whatever and whenever Doctor Huber pinches, scripture spots or not, it hurts!

Here at the Happy Acres madhouse we have the one dictatorial doctor, the pincher, the authoritarian power, Doctor Huber, four registered nurses, and six guards and handymen who give various kinds of water therapy and goofy physical training. All four of the nurses and all six of the guards have been to bed with me, telling me it is for my own good because I should know more about normal people and how better to learn than in the same bed with the lights out? Does that make sense? Most of them are fundamentally kind—but warped—and, oh yes, dear Gawd, if Doctor Huber keeps coming to my bed, kindly remove his pinching compulsion. I may be buggy, but I'm not painless. He gets all worked up and passionate and is almost making me forget how insane I am, rapturously covering it all with kindness and happiness and all of a sudden—**scheech!**—he pinches my thigh or neck or ear or deer which are twins or busy bottom and I have to be careful not to scream with pain.

This makes Doctor Huber, our totalitarian dictator, very happy and he compliments me on my normal ability to sublimate, or to swallow the scream rather than scream and wake up patients, guards, handymen, and nurses. Two of the bruiser guards are very jealous of Doctor Huber and say one of these days they will cut off his water and family jewels if he isn't careful.

Lenny, one of the guards, says he'd like to cut Doctor Huber into three thousand pieces, bite size, and make the good doctor eat himself up, bite at a time!

Lenny is a revolutionary and he wants me and him to get some guns and take over the Happy Acres madhouse—Lenny calls it Lousy Lunatic Laughing Academy—and run it like some revolutionary government. But I keep telling Lenny how opposed to violence I am and he says in politics and religion only violence is understood and respected in this world. Lovable Lenny says we're all oddballs, psychopathic square pegs in round holes—then suddenly he gets all emotional, kicky, and worked up; he wants me to furnish a round hole for his square peg.

Then there is another of our oddballs, old Earle, who is constantly, relentlessly begging me, "Susan, darling, come away with me to paradise, to the Garden of Eden and help me relive my childhood." Old Earle, bless him—who uses his false teeth for bookmarks—is about a hundred years old, which would make his childhood some time after the middle of the last century, but he says his childhood was in the Garden of Eden, and, even though he knows my name is Susan, he suddenly starts calling me Eve and starts calling himself Adam and then he gets out the huge leaves he keeps in his suitcase and, putting the sad whammy on me, makes me undress. He undresses and looks like a map of the United States covered with his very close veins. Earle glues three leaves on me with adhesive tape and three enormous leaves on himself with adhesive tape, over his old sagging breasts and wrinkled, juiceless, shrunken crotch. We hold hands and walk about in his room and he says, "Eve, oh mother of generations, where is Huber, the snake?" You see, he refers to Doctor Huber as the only snake in this brief unreal-reality of our paradise. And old Earle says my three leaves are very becoming and all women should wear them.

But I say, "This may be kicky to you, Earle . . ."

"I'm not Earle, but Adam, the father of generations," he insists.

So I go along. "O.K., Adam. This may be very kicky for you, but it is damn uncomfortable for me and if Doctor Huber or the nurses or guards find us bare-assed naked except for these fake leaves, they'll flip their fucking lids and we'll never hear the last of it." So we put the leaves back into his old suitcase and put our regular clothes back on. He finally covers up all his discolored disturbing very close veins. Then Earle thanks me for helping him relive his childhood in Eden and is happy for a few months until the garden of paradise ruse hits his old fading imagination again and he comes frisking around, looking for me.

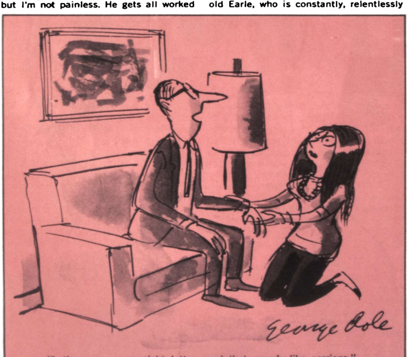
"It's time for the revolution," the guard, Lenny, tells me when I go downstairs from old Earle's room. "We strike at dawn. I'll strangle Doctor Huber and you cut all the telephone lines so the crazy nurses and other guards can't summon help from the outside."

But I talk him out of it, saying he'll lose his job and I'll be locked up in the loco ward or snake pit if Doctor Huber even dreams that the germ of revolution is growing in our heads. Guys like Lenny constantly talk about changes and revolutions, but they never change or revolt.

Do you notice that?

Old Daniel Shakes always leaves his room door open—in this place none of the rooms have locks on the door. Daniel Shakes, drwning in anguish, says his real name is Shakespeare, but his father was ashamed of the foreign-sounding name and changed it because most of the people in this country have the shakes and the name seems sort of appropriate, but Daniel Shakes calls out through the door when I pass along the hall.

"Susan, my darling, come in and rest in the shade. Younger than she are happy mothers made." So I go in to keep him



"Let's see . . . an eight letter word that sounds like carriage."

company for a little while. He says, "What is new in this insanity town where all of us are April fools all the year around?" He talks like that, maintaining and often stating in anger that he is William Shakespeare, the poet, and not Daniel Shakes, just another goober in Doctor Huber's nut collection.

"Susan, darling, are you a foolish girl obsessed with ideas of sin, or are you a potential mother of strong-hearted men?"

And I tell him I'm only a twenny sick year old girl locked up in Happy Acres for having a few marbles either missing or out of place and Daniel Shakes says only the mad can attain true happiness, only he says, "All is greed and avarice and vanity; only the unbalanced ever achieve true sanity." Which doesn't, of course, make any sense to me, but makes Daniel Shakes appear very happy with his deep insight and subnormal comprehension.

Old Daniel Shakes sort of sings, "Susan, the sight of you is a breath of sweet air and a verse of soft song in this miserable madhouse where all of us are April fools all year long." Later he chants. "Susan, if there is a big prize in this life, I hope you win it, in this prison where we're all April fools every hour and minute." Later, after insisting that he'd help me fulfill Shakespeare's quotation, "younger than she are happy mothers made," and I turn him down, not because I don't like him, but because he is too old, he chants, "We are destined in this sad world and in the next to be April fools in the head and April fools in sex."

Another old odd character here is Joseph Garrett Springer. When anyone calls him Joe, he suddenly gets furious and insists his name is Joseph, the father of gods, and when he sees me he calls me Mary and closes the door. I may not be beautiful, but I'm not ugly. He plays with me like a hot schoolboy until I'm hot as a schoolgirl, but that's as far as it goes because the only sex in old Joe is in his head. All the fire has gone out down below and still the old vulture wants to be a father of gods so he insists that if he prays over me I'll become the mother of a new god by what Joseph calls "immaculate conception."

Old Joseph puts a chair against his door so nobody can come in. Then he takes off my clothes and begins his "immaculate conception" ceremony.

"Oh, Mary, my spiritual wife, through this lovely little door the new king of the universe shall enter into life. At these lovely little fountains the new king of the universe shall drink in strength. Mary, do you feel the vigor and manhood of the spirit moving in you?"

I shake my head. "No."

Disappointed, old Joe Springer whimpers. "We'll try again soon, Mary. I don't want to die before I fulfill my use and purpose on earth: to become the father by immaculate conception of a new and powerful god."

Doctor Huber says all the female patients and most of the nurses at Happy Acres are lesbians, but he says this as a guess and I say it as a certainty. For instance—but Madame Bryer is distinctively a special case—we have our tattoo queen, Madame Bryer, who has no tattoo squipment, of course, because anything with a sharp edge or sharp point is forbidden here, but she never was a tattoo artist before she went happy (flipped her lid and snapped into mental orbit in limbo) but now she is nuts about being the only tattoo artist in Happy Acres; she specializes in imaginary tattoos on nubile young women patients and, after all, let's face it, I'm the prettiest and most nubile woman around. So Madame Bryer, burning in limitless sexual indecision, invites me into her room, which she calls a tattoo parlor, and she puts a chair against the door and—yes, you guessed it—she takes off my clothes because she wants to tattoo a huge rose on my belly with a pink, green, blue sign across a banner underneath the rose reading "In Fond Memory Of Mother." So, holding her imaginary tattoo needle, Madame Bryer starts working across my belly, busy as Rembrandt or Picasso, doing her masterpiece on my ticklish tummy. Jeeze! She knows how excited I get when her fingers get busy. Now I may not be prissy, but I'm not vulgar. She pretends she doesn't know she's warming up the honey in my honey pot. Then she says she wants to tattoo a cute sign under the rose, a sign on an arrow, pointing down, reading "For Men Only."

"And I wish I was a man," Madame Bryer says, "because Susan, a darling sweet girl like you deserves all the love she can get, be it from rough men, cunning and innocent pets, or miserable old lovers of beauty, withered tattoo artists like myself."

So she tattoos this imaginary sign. Then she says, giggling, that she wants to advertise the YMCA-YWCA-YMHA-YWHA by doing a sign on my upper thigh: "If you are hungry, go to the L and have a box lunch."

She tickles her fingers over my thigh and finishes this imaginary sign and on my other thigh tattoos an invisible sign: "Revolt. Buy a girl scout from a cooky or a cokey."

Then Madame Bryer has me turn over and says, "Susan, darling, you have the loveliest cheeks," and she playfully spanks them pink, then says she has an inspiration to tattoo French President Charles De Gaulle on one cheek and Rock Hudson on the other. Madame Bryer adds, tickling, tattooing with her imaginary tattoo needle, "There, I've finished De Gaulle and Rock Hudson. And the one between them is Lyndon B. Johnson." Madame Bryer giggles and gooses me.

She says she has a terrific crush on me and she wants to kiss me as if I were her own daughter. One insidious motherlike kiss and tuddenly Madame Bryer forgets her tattooing and teasing and tries to turn me inside-out with her raging unnatural appetite.

And Lucille Gluecutter, poor girl, she's hopelessly muddled and the sickest one here—every day she reports to Doctor Huber that she has contracted a new disease or mental disorder. She hears of verbomania, then in a compulsive conflicting torrent of words she insists that Doctor Huber give her different treatment until she hears about vampirism—that night I awoke and Lucille Gluecutter had her teeth tight together in my throat. Finally I made her get away. She actually wanted to drink my blood, but I told her I needed all the blood I had and couldn't spare any—either for transfusions or drinking.

When Lucille Gluecutter hears about transvestism she insists that I join her in wearing masculine clothes. I won't humor her, so she adopts transvestism as her new brainstorm and asks Doctor Huber to treat her. Next day she pretends she's got pyromania and she starts a fire in her room and one guard sits on her while two other guards finally manage to put the fire out.

Other mental disorders which Lucille Gluecutter adopted as her own was nyctophobia, a morbid dread of darkness, lycanthropy, the delusion that she had been transformed into an animal such as a wolf, erotomania, or an obsessive interest in sex.

If you ask me—**Ke-rice!**—everybody at Happy Acres has bad cases of erotomania.

One evening Lucille Gluecutter says to me, "Susan, darling, I have a severe case of abulia," and when I humorously tell her not to give it to me, she says, "It's very severe and serious. This abulia causes a terrible impairment of the will or a complet abolition of the will. I think I'm under complete dominattion of another person and now that other person's will completely directs my thoughts and movements and now I'm really nothing more than a robot or an automaton. Susan, I'm under the direction of **your** will. If you tell me to murder Doctor Huber, I'll have to do it." I actually ran away from Lucille Gluecutter, but an hour or a day later she would find me or catch up with me and already would have forgotten about abulia because she had contracted some much more interesting imaginary mental kinks such as imaginary amnesia, brontophobia or an extreme dread of thunder, dromomania, the syndrome which makes a person want to wander or run away from themselves, epilepsy, kleptomania.

You name it. Ke-rice! At one time or another Lucille Gluecutter imagined she had it!

All the time I feel I am a gentle harmless lamb locked up here in Happy Acres with all these ravenous male and female wolves. Everywhere I turn, any time, day or night, some male or female wolf wants to take off my lamb's fleece, take off my clothes.

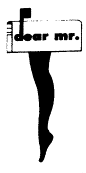
Lots of days I feel like a clothes model or strip tease artist because my clothes come off a dozen or more times. Some people might call me an exhibitionist, but it isn't my fault. I may not be rich, but I'm not stingy.

These female and male wolves get most of their kicky kicks from this little lamb and I think their favorite dish is spring lamb, lamb chops, fricasseed lamb because they are always gnawing on me, chewing at me, biting me, eating

(Continued on page 57)

TONDRA WELLS

thinks the world must have been very ugly when there were no objects made of glass. It can then come as no surprise that Tondra is designing a house in which there are lots and lots of windows. "I would like one huge window in the living room," confided Tondra, "that looks out into some forest primeval so that I can have acres and acres of greenery to admire." Some of the other windows in Tondra's house would be made of stained glass. "Some of my friends say it would be too much like living in a church, but I'm sure, it'd be pretty." Tondra is fond of everything glass. "I have a hand mirror that supposedly belonged to Marie Antoinette." Tondra also has a huge collection of glasses from many lands. Maybe that is why it is so easy to drink in her beauty.



(Continued from p. 2) **seen more clearly once the veil of sexual frustration was removed.**
(Mrs.) S.R., California

Dear Mrs. R.—A statistical point well taken. However, as we also pointed out in the January article, the complete elimination of other factors that might affect our findings—such as its being easier for the better educated in our population to write accounts of their experiences—has not been possible.

Dear MR.: I am writing to let you know that you are performing a wonderful service by publishing the letters on spanking. What I and friends of mine would like to know is when you are going to put out your findings in book form. . . .

I once had a friend who spent six months in Europe gathering information on domestic discipline in the different countries which he was going to put in book form. Just as he was starting to get the book in shape he was killed in an auto accident. I contacted his wife in order to get the material so that I could do the book but she refused to let me have it. What has happened to it I do not know as that was ten years ago.

If I wanted to I could write a book on the subject as I know about all there is to know about it. I would like to tell you of a scene I witnessed when I was over in West Germany in 1948.

While over there I met a nice German girl whom to my surprise spoke fairly good English. I managed to have some dates with her. One day I was invited to her parents' home for dinner. I went bringing a gift for her mother. When I entered the apartment I was introduced to her parents and her two younger sisters.

I was surprised to find that even her father spoke English. He informed me that I had a rare treat in store. I didn't know what he meant, therefore I asked Edna. What she told me was this: Her two sisters had quarreled earlier in their bedroom and knocked over a lamp which broke. Their father told them that they were to be spanked. Teenage girls in Germany are not like American girls as they do not beg to be let off from the spanking.

Edna told me that her father wanted me to be present so as to see how they spanked naughty girls in Germany. I said that it was a family affair and that I did not want to intrude. Her father would not hear of my not watching so I did watch.

He spanked his daughters in a way I had never seen them spank a girl before. The first girl was told to assume her position whereby she climbed upon the end of the dining room table. She then lifted up her dress and her father came over and lowered her panties to her knees. Then she bent over with her arms resting on the table. Her father then took a heavy leather strap and after surveying his daughter's bottom began to lay on the strap. By the fifth blow she was sobbing. By the time she had received her dose of forty her bottom was well blistered.

The other daughter received the same spanking. Neither bothered to pull up their panties even though I was present. I was surprised when they kissed the strap, then their father and thanked him for the thorough spanking. I was there at a few more such spankings, even one received by Edna who was eighteen. Maybe some of your readers will know of similar experiences—keep up the good work.

L.V., New York

Dear Sir: My wife and I were much interested in the letter from G.C. in October MR., but in our family we go a bit further whenever we think our boy of 12 and girls of 14 and 17 need a correction. We give the kids a break.

Ever since the older girl was 14 we have told them that as they always take a chance on getting caught whenever they do something for which we think they should be punished, we will be good sports about it—if they will—and give them a chance to escape a correction. We jokingly call it "Rear-end Roulette" (a play on Russian Roulette). The kids consider the game a fair one, and we consider it an excellent method to use to keep them in line as it leaves no resentment on either side.

It is really a "numbers" game, but we use an old set of dominos. When a punishment is decreed, the culprit sits down at a table, shuffles the dominos, face down, and divides them into four groups just as if there were four players at the table. Then, so as to avoid any "selection" in dealing because of the kids' uncanny ability to identify some of the "low" ones through even tiny imperfections or markings on the backs, either my wife or I select one of the groups, at random, and inform the "dealer" that this is the group she is to use when playing the game. The whole family then gathers around to watch the "drawing."

The first domino drawn indicates whether my wife or I will do the spanking or whether the culprit will get off scott free. An uneven number of dots means my wife will do it, an even number means I will do it, while the double blank means no spanking at all. The chances of pulling the blank are, of course, extremely rare, but it has happened several times and adds considerable interest to the game. Whenever it does happen, we all (and especially the other two kids who are just spectators) congratulate the "winner" and the episode is closed.

If other than the blank is drawn first, then the number of dots on the next domino indicates what spanking implement is to be used. To provide a quick reference, we have this list written out and lying on the table:

0-1 spanks ___ hand
2-3 ______ hairbrush
4-5 ________ paddle
6-7 ________ ruler
8-9 ________ strap
10-11 ______ switch
12 _________ cane

As anyone can imagine, the number drawn at this time is very important to the culprit.

Then the remaining five pieces are turned up and the total number of dots on these five pieces indicate the number of spanks to be delivered when the spanking is administered. The maximum, of course, could be no more than 52, and the minimum no less than seven. The average runs somewhere around 25, although we never kept a record. We think we remember that the maximum was drawn about twice over the past three years, and the minimum about two or three times. That is not very often when you consider that the "game" is played at least once a week and, sometimes, as often as three times in the same week. We have probably played the game about 200 or 250 times in the past three years.

The spanking is then given in private, and all are given with the culprit in the normal childish position—face down over either my wife's or my knees—depending on who is to do the spanking.

When I spank either girl I always spank over the seat of her panties while my wife always makes both girls take their panties off and spanks them right on their bare bottoms. Contrariwise, I always spank the boy on his bare bottom, while my wife might either leave his underpants up or take them down. She tells me she always takes them down when she has to use her hand, always leaves them up when using the flexible implements like the strap, switch or cane, and might do it either way when using the hairbrush, paddle or ruler.

It might be said that our method is also unfair in that a rather minor offense might get a larger number of spanks than a major offense. This is true, but my wife and I take care of that by varying the severity of the spanks accordingly. Thus a bare minimum of seven heavy hand spanks could deliver more drastic punishment than a maximum of 52 light taps with the cane or hairbrush.

The kids know we handle the results of "Rear-end Roulette" with discretion, and that also is a big factor in eliminating resentment on their part. But they know when they deserve to be spanked, know that they certainly will be spanked, and know that the number of spanks "won" at Rear-end Roulette will be administered with understanding. What more consideration could any disobedient or naughty kid ask for?

As you have indicated you only want initials and State on letters sent to you, that is what I am putting on this letter which my wife and I are sending,

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(Continued from page 55)

thinking that other parents might want to use our method—or a variation of it—in their own home.

E.L.W., Maine

Dear L.V. and E.L.W.—Thank you both for sharing your experiences with us and your fellow readers. Your contributions will be welcome additions to our files on the subjects of punishment and discipline, which appear to be matters of increasing interest and concern in today's world. The End

"LOVE ECSTASY"

(Continued from page 9)

ternal trust and no external place to turn to afterward (as in the case of disturbed persons). When unprepared people take LSD in bad surroundings and when there's no one present with the skill and courage to guide them through it, "then paranoid episodes are possible." It is for this reason, Dr. Leary and other chemical visionaries maintain, that the use of the drug should be regulated, not outlawed.

Dr. Laura Huxley, widow of Aldous Huxley, author of BRAVE NEW WORLD, admits that LSD is dangerous. She argues, however, that driving an automobile is also dangerous, yet we drive it all the time. "Freeways are dangerous, smoking is dangerous, drinking is dangerous, some sports are dangerous, even falling in love can be dangerous. In fact being alive is one continuous risk."

With even LSD's proponents sounding cautions and warnings, it is easy to understand the reaction of our lawmakers. We have enough dangers already—including those Mrs. Huxley lists. So why add another, needless danger, by allowing traffic in a powerful new drug, the effects of which are at best very partially understood? The End

OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 2)

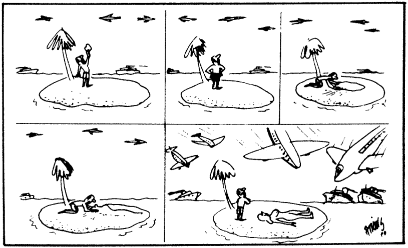
of My Head," "Michelle," "1-2-3 (Uno-Dos-Tres)" and "Night Song," Mongo's "Walk On By," "Hey!," "El Bikini," "Call Me" and the old swing classic "In The Mood" are highlights of two sultry sets.

TIME IN (Columbia 9312); DAVE BRUBECK'S GREATEST HITS (Columbia 9284)—Dave Brubeck Qt.

The Brubeck Quartet punch the time clock in "Time In," typical of the pleasing but unexciting teatime music they have been successfully playing of late. For a more exciting reprise of the type of jazz that made them tick Columbia's put together such swinging memorablia as "The Duke" (for Ellington), "Raggedy Waltz," "Bossa Nova USA," "Blue Rondo a la Turk," "Campdown Races" and "Take Five"—one of the alltime great jazz performances, with tenorist Paul Desmond, drummer Joe Morello and Brubeck himself in top of their form.

DOUBLE SHOT—Mariachi Brass (World Pacific 1852)

They're knocking trumpeter Chet Baker for making his bread playing with a pop-Latin group, but why shouldn't he? He could do worse. The resulting confection, third album in the series, is a cross between Bert Kaempfert and Herb Alpert with enough jazz trimmings to get it reviewed in **Downbeat** (which always knocks it) and enough brass 'n' beat to spry up any party—or just to listen to. Which is the general idea.



GIRL IN LOVE—Bud Shank (World Pacific 1853)

Versatile Bud Shank's been playing first-rate flute, tenor, baritone; bop and bossa, and with musicians from Brazil, Japan and India without much recognition. Now he's fallen victim to the sweet success of his "Michelle" album. On this second follow-up set he continues to improvise melodically, guided by Oliver Nelson's charts, on such pops as "Summer Wind," "Strangers in the Night," "Tara's Theme," "Lady Jane" and "Time" without sounding corny. Therein lies his genius.

RECORD NOTES

SERAPHIN WINGS IN: The dictionary defines **Seraphin** as "Angels of the highest order." It's also Capitol-Angel's new low price ($2.49) line of classics of the highest order. Initial 20 releases include previous Angel favorites, European rarities (Mozart's "Figaro" in German, Beecham conducting Puccini's "La Boheme" sung in Italian by Victoria de los Angeles) and many offbeat items like lecturer—pianist Gerald Moore's rare "The Unashamed Accompanist." . . . Capitol's scooped other labels by signing a cultural exchange disc deal with the Soviet Union for exclusive U.S. rights on recordings by Russian artists. Now wait till Moscow hears Mrs. Miller!

"MAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

(Continued from page 23)

too vivid. He arrived in New York around 1961 with Roland Kirk, who hails from Columbus, Ohio. They had an engagement at The Five Spot, a jazz landmark that, at the time, was located at Five Cooper Square on New York's Bowery. "In two months, I found myself out of a job," says Sonny. "It seems there were a lot of good drummers in New York, but I didn't happen to be one of them." When Sonny was playing at the Five Spot he quickly assumed the reputation of being a soft touch. "The bums would see me walking down the street and say 'here comes a live one!'" When Sonny found himself out of work, he also found that his popularity with New York bums had quickly waned. In fact, now he, too, was required to live by his wits.

"It was in the summer time, and, as I was later to learn the hard way, summer is a hell of a time for a musician to work steadily." Sonny advises every unknown musician to own a car because when he isn't driving it, he may need it to sleep in. "I would go onto the West Side Highway and around ninty-sixth street I would go to a rest stop, and I would sleep all night." Upon awakening, Sonny would drive over to a friend's house where he would shower and shave. Sonny, who will probably never go hungry in his life again, still recalls those very hungry days when he would walk into a restaurant, order a full course dinner and finally tell the waiter that he was absolutely broke. Sonny learned to hang out with other out of work musicians and he learned to listen to the rumors and occasionally weave some of his own. He got his first job in a long time at Roulette Records, when he listened to a rumor that wasn't a rumor. A string of favors and Sonny found himself working steadily. After that spectacular appearance with Duke Ellington, Sonny observed that the caliber of his new jobs was getting higher and higher.

The next natural step was to form his own group. Like almost everything else in Sonny's career, the group developed organically.

Sonny knew exactly who he wanted and what sound he wanted to hear so he steadfastly went about the difficult job of recruiting.

"It was like giving a party," Sonny recalls. "I'd call up a guy and say, 'Hey listen, man, I want you in my band.' Then he would say who else was going to be in it.' Sonny considers himself lucky because everyone he wanted to be in his group accepted.

Sonny also considers himself lucky because this group which he originally assembled for one performance stayed together. Pastor John G. Gensel was conducting a series of what he called "Jazz Vespers," taking place at Earl Hall of Columbia University. When the Reverend approached Sonny about helping to put together a program for one of the services the drummer was a little reluctant. He was raised in a very stiff religious background and somehow felt that jazz didn't belong in a church. "I finally changed my mind," says Sonny, "when I realized that religion can't function without communication, and you can't have communication without being contemporary."

The next few weeks were very hectic as the band was assembled, rehearsed, polished. "We kept on changing and enlarging our program," says Sonny, "so much, that the ink on some of our charts was actually wet on the day of the performance. And, of course, we didn't know how any of it would sound until we pulled together, and by that time it would be difficult to get new arrangements."

Sonny Brown talks enthusiastically about his group, about the respect they have for each other. "You know, sometimes I actually think we're going to make it."

Listening to Sonny's enthusiastic remarks is a pleasure. It is obvious that the thirteen-year-old Cincinnati kid, who used to listen dreamily to every scrap of music he could, had done a lot of growing up both physically and musically. The group has had most of its exposure at The Top of the Gate, a Greenwich Village club of distinction. Before long, records will be released and when they are, jazz enthusiasts all over the country will say, "Man, where have you been?" The End

LAUGHING ACADEMY

(Continued from page 49)

me bite by bite and the gravy runs off their chins.

Strangely enough, out of all the mixed-up patients here at Happy Acres only one frankly admits to all and sundry that he is a sex fiend or maniac and this is Mr. Archer Fullingim Ambrose; at first blush, this may surprise you, but Mr. A. F. Ambrose is the harmless type who gets his kicky ecstasy in a very unusual way. He invites females—usually me because I'm the most willing and cooperative and prettiest schizo in this entire laughing academy—into his room and puts a chair against his door to keep out the inquisitive, the scoffers, the nurses, the guards, any visitors, and Doctor Huber. Then with the greatest gentlemanly politeness, Mr. A. F. Ambrose asks me kindly to put fire on his cigar, not for a light, mind you! No. This means he wants you to put one end of his cigar in your mouth while he holds the other end firmly in his own mouth and, not touching, you give Mr. A. F. Ambrose his dose of super joy and he enjoys this as if he were raping a herd of hot elephants. He squirms rapturously and moans and mumbles around the cigar held firmly, ferociously in his mouth. "Zoo zun, you are e zeetest url inna url and uk ak a erling ervish." He pants hotly like a dog and sweat breaks out on his face. In a quick variety of moods he turns pink, closes his eyes, lashes about frantically, and almost faints with happiness and in his elasmobranch shark excitement chews the cigar to bits.

He flops down fish-like in a chair exhausted and thanks you for putting fire on his cigar.

Such people are harmless and unexplainable. Some people eat snails or octopus eyes. Some contemptuous people fall in love with their automobiles. People run for public office, such as President of the U.S., knowing the job will kill them. How do you truly distinguish the sane from the insane?

We have our bizarre insane writer in residence here at Happy Acres, reckless and irresponsible, who calls himself Itsall Below and, possessing an intellectual zeal amounting to a mania or insanity, is dedicating his first two books, **Sonnets To Sin By** and **Poems To Make You Passionate,** to me, but most of his time now is spent writing letters which he never mails—he just writes the letters, then throws them out the window, leaving to faith, coincidence, and the winds to deliver his heavy words to such individuals as God, the devil, the soul of man, virgins as yet unborn.

Sample: "Dear space man of Mars who wants to visit the planet Earth for scientific explorations: don't do it. It isn't worth it. Sincerely, Itsall Below."

Sample of poem dedicated to me: "Susan, darling, in you all love and lust and sensuality resides. You may be crazy in your sebaceous head, but you have very talented insides."

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When Itsall Below writes a letter to the moon he gives it to our two moon visitors for delivery the following night when they make their fantastic imaginary excursion.

Itsall Below writes plays for me. Sample: "Act One. Susan seen on the stage in dim light. Act Two. A dazzling light offstage floods Susan and a sepulchral voice intones: 'He, she, or it who looks upon the countenance of God shall die!' Act Three. Susan dies. Curtain. The End."

Itsall Below, freezing in confusion, is also writing an unusual book which he's been working on now and then for over ten years called **Suicide Notes And Nightmares For All Occasions**; sample nightmare: "An ex-convict from Sing Sing is sitting in a railway station masturbating with, and into, a cut-open grapefruit and screaming in a fairy's high hysterical voice, 'We know everything and we do everything!' " Example of suicide note: "Good-by, you rat wink suckers, I'm killing myself because I'm one rat who is smart enough to know when to abandon sinking ships and stinking worlds."

This insane author, Itsall Below, is a curious mixture of genius and tramp, poet and clown, artist and goofy fool.

For instance, Itsall Below writes a letter, types it up nicely, addresses it, puts a stamp on it, then throws it out the window. I run outside and find the letter before the wind blows it away. The address on the envelope is simple; it says: "To God." I open the letter and read it and it is very brief and urgent: "Dear God: send me a woman with ants in her pants."

I hide the letter and run upstairs and find Itsall Below and I whisper, "God sent me." And—Jeeze!—the author looks madly at me, blushes, and doesn't do anything so I put the chair against his door so nobody can come in and surprise us. Then, overcoming considerable resistance, I take his clothes off and I take my clothes off and I start kissing him passionately with fervor and fireworks and getting him worked up and finally—it's a hard pull, believe me—we make it—WHAM—and he gets out of bed and goes over and picks up my pants—I may not be clean, but I'm not filthy—turns them inside out, and a stupid kosher-like question and Jewish-like gesture comes from him.

"So where are the ants?"

Dear Gawd, I want a change!

We have giddy weird people here lost in fanaticism who think they are Napoleon, Hitler, Mickey Mouse, and George Washington. We have a woman here who seriously believes that she is a black widow spider who ate her husband and she will gladly give you all the gruesome details. One of our patients seriously believes he's turning into a computer machine and stands around whirring and purring.

There are people here, psychopathic and zealous oddballs, who answer phones that are not ringing and open doors when no one knocks, who have private birds singing in their heads and chimes and bells ringing in their ears.

One sexy woman here, another real swinger, wants to give birth to a fire hydrant.

A confused man here, tortured by Freudian voodooisms, wants to build a sensational bridge to the moon.

One patient who eats matches says she wants to start a huge fire inside—maybe all of us want this: a big fire of love or ambition or success or understanding.

Maybe I could have been normal like other platitudinous girls, but somewhere along the line life put the shocking whammy on me. So now I, too, am one of the maniacs, lunatics, and crazy ones. I may be nuts, but I stay neat.

Did I tell you about our plastic surgeon? No? Jeeze! I thought I did . . . well, he's totally insane, yet sincerely believes he's a plastic surgeon and the moment he meets a person he volunteers to operate on them and he has a large scrapbook with pictures pasted in, the behinds of famous people: Cleopatra, Abraham Lincoln, Marilyn Monroe, Helen of Troy, Winston Churchill. And this patient who calls himself Doctor Twinkle asks people to point out their favorite pictures of the gluteus muscles of famous people. Doctor Twinkle then explains that he will operate on the patient and change his gluteus to resemble the behind of any famous person.

Holy cow! Can you feature that? I've heard of changing horses in midstream, changing features, clipped nose jobs, but Doctor Twinkle claims he changes asses in midlife. And Doctor Twinkle asks potential surgery patients: "Don't you want Senator Sarah Elizabeth Peabody's ass?" or "Wouldn't you like to sit on the ass of Napoleon? Then put yourself in my hands and I can make your rear silhouette into an exact copy of Cleopatra's."

If a nebulous patient wants to kiss my foot—holy cow!—he can. If a man wants to touch my belly, he can. Gosh, if a ferocious and honey-hungry woman wants to tattoo invisible people on my fanny, she can. Good grief! If a man who has flipped his lid wants hidden fire for his cigar, I will give it to him. The least I can do is to play my part.

Dear Gawd, please give me more love, warmth, and tolerance. We nuts are mental parasites and lonely children, twisted and stunted personalities, lost and naked in a world that has never woven a garment of true love for us and that has relentlessly driven us down the empty corridors of the years, desolate and alone.

Oh, dear Gawd, what can I do about my throbbing inner necessity to give love and bestow affection upon the world? I wish I was free and outside fresh from this foolish funny farm. I keep searching and praying for sanity. Only sanity, and not sex or simplicity or sadness, can set me free.

Well, dear Gawd, you can see this poor twenny sick year old prettiest girl, prettiest schizo in the madhouse, isn't greedy and doesn't spend all her time praying for herself.

Dear Gawd, I know this is an awfully long prayer and I intended to bend your holy ear good so you'd send me some help down here to heal and help all these poor poor weirdies.

A new emotional batch of avid maddies came in today and, one and two at a time, they'll all finally come to me and say, "Honey, Susan, darling, you the prettiest schizo in the madhouse so I'm sure you can help me out of this crazy laughing academy, help me overcome my fantastic mother fixation, homicide tendency, antisocial bowels, alcoholism, anamastasia, cacodaemonomania, woozy dizziness, theomania, or whatever their incredible trouble is and you know me, dear Gawd.

If I can, I will help them, well, I will, but honest to Gawd, it is wearing me out.

Jeeze! Maybe the crazy author, Itsall Below, is correct when he says I'm a sucker for a sad story.

In a madhouse we have the horrors of Hallow Wing, witches, devils, all the year around.

Lovable Lenny may be right when he says we all need a revolution, a big change.

One final wish, dear Gawd, when I die please let me go to hell, because it would be like heaven after my twenny sick years in the madhouse. The End

George Dole

"No thanks—I don't touch the stuff."

MATE TRADING

(Continued from page 39)

our way of life. We are in at least two different cities each week and we will swap once or twice a week, on the average. Always, when I am traveling alone, and often when Betty is with me, we store our car and fly home on Friday afternoon. We rarely miss a club meeting and will usually have at least one swap with another couple over the weekend. When Betty stays home she is quite active with both the girls and the men.

"We enjoy traveling and the adventure it brings. We live well, stay in the best motels and drive the best car made, (American make). We read of one salesman who mentioned that masturbation took place on long trips. Betty and I have done this for years, mostly Betty I should say. I enjoy watching her and it breaks up the monotony of a long trip.

"This just about concludes our report and we have enjoyed relating it. We hope it will contribute something toward understanding the sex revolution that is certainly taking place today."

Our next report is from a husband, P. H., of an English couple currently living in England. In a number of respects, his experience parallels that of R. E. above. He and his wife are also in their thirties; their group is similar in size (six couples); some homosexuality is admitted among the women (but also in this case among the men); no children are mentioned, though it is not expressly stated that there are none; and the group plays games and features "demonstrations."

Rightly or wrongly, it has been our impression here that our English contributors, while friendly and interested in our work, have very often felt that the American point of view, as expressed by our readers on this side of the Atlantic, was a little on the side of the inexperienced and naive. P. H., however, does not give this impression. On the contrary, his report is of particular interest because of the degree to which his experience, as well as the tone of his evaluation, echoes that of many of his American contemporaries. Here is his own statement:

"Over here in England," writes P. H., "your magazine MR. is very popular. Generally, it appears on our newsstands several months late, but it is always well-read. I have been very interested in your reports on 'Wife-Swapping' clubs. I am writing to tell you of one club of which I am a founder member.

"I am 33 years of age and live with my wife Susan, aged 31. I am a small business owner and my wife and I are joint directors. We are happily married and very interested in classical music, photography and outdoor pursuits such as camping.

"It all started quite by accident. My wife was very friendly with some near neighbors of ours, John aged 24 and his wife Helen aged 23. Since our marriage 2 years previously we used to visit each other regularly and my wife would often stop in at Helen's for a cup of tea.

"One evening Helen and John were visiting us, and we were all sitting in semi-darkness watching the television. Susan was on my knee and we were happily kissing and petting, while John and Helen did the same. Helen occasionally moved and exposed an expanse of her shapely white thighs or even her lace petticoats and panties. We got to discussing photography and as we had often done before, we took one or two photos with John's camera.

"We got to discussing figure photography and John suggested we take some photos of our wives in suitable nude poses. The two women were a little apprehensive but eventually agreed. They slipped up to Helen's room and descended wearing a couple of Helen's bathrobes. A little shyly they removed the robes to reveal the bra and panties that they each wore. I would like to mention that at that time my wife's 37-24-36 figure was quite perfect, but Helen's figure was dazzling.

"The two girls refused to strip anymore, but John and I took two or three good photos of them. I still have some copies now. By now the conversation was quite hot and we spoke uninhibitedly of how we each thought our partners behaved during sex. Eventually John mentioned that he'd heard of 'wife-swaps' in the States. At first the rest of us laughed but soon we had all agreed to try it just once.

"Somewhat timidly we adjourned to the bedrooms with our respective partners. As soon as we were alone Helen and I embraced and before long we were deeply engrossed on the bed. We had a wonderful time, and although my wife and I were no novices at lovemaking, Helen gave me more pleasure than I had ever had before.

"Soon our group contained six couples, the youngest being Helen and John (23 and 24) and the oldest at the time were my wife and I (27 and 29). Of the women four are brunettes and the other two, including Helen, are blondes. All have perfect figures and are now quite expert at giving their partners all that is required

"Remember, Atkins, s-q-u-e-e-z-e it off!"

8mm Motion Pictures

FEATURING THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

What is classic beauty? Most of those who have attempted to define beauty agree that it involves a response of pleasure. We call something beautiful when it delights us or pleases us in some special way. But what causes this response on our part? Is it something in the object itself? Is it merely a subjective reaction on our part? Or is it some combination of these two?

We know as a matter of common experience that all persons do not find the same objects beautiful. What pleases some fails to please others. This is sometimes taken to mean that beauty exists only in the eye of the beholder.

A continual negative response toward the undraped female form would indicate that a concept of lewdness is an attitude, not a condition. It is a state of mind, not a state of body. It is a subjective feeling, not an objective situation.

Beauty has both a subjective and an objective aspect. Objectively, the esthetic pleasure certain objects give us is related to the intrinsic excellence in the objects themselves.

One of the subjective aspects of beauty is that which pleases us upon being seen. In this statement, the word "seen" does not refer to seeing with the eyes. It refers to vision with the mind — a kind of intuitive apprehension of the individual object which is being contemplated or experienced esthetically. The satisfaction or pleasure that the beautiful object gives us lies in its knowability — in the fact that it is so constituted that we are able to apprehend it in its unique individuality.

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during the sex act.

"We picked each of our pairs of couples quite by chance. Bill and Lily joined the group after a chance encounter at our local pub. Susan and I were sitting at a corner table when I noticed a couple of our own age enter and sit near us. They appeared to be newlyweds and sat engrossed in each other for some time. The girl was very shapely and wore a rather short dress that rode quite high as she sat kissing her husband. I suddenly thought what an ideal twosome they'd make for our club and made polite conversation with them. When the husband got up to get his wife another drink I went to the bar with him.

"We chatted and I gradually turned the conversation to his attractive wife and we were soon swapping compliments and confidences. I eventually mentioned that my wife and I were 'swappers,' and he'd soon agreed to join us. My wife came to the bar and he left to talk to his wife about the idea. Ten minutes later we left the bar together.

"After giving him our address, my wife walked with him to his car and his wife (Lily) came with me. As soon as we were in the car we kissed and embraced. My one hand held her to me while the other groped its way above her nylons, across a short expanse of warm thigh to the thin nylon of her panties. Soon we were petting quite heavily, and it was with quite an effort that I managed to drive to my place.

"Bill and Susan were already in the dark lounge in a large easy chair. They were kissing and petting. I could see my wife's blouse undone and her skirt was well up her thighs, revealing her frillies and her panties. Lily and I moved to the sofa and soon we were petting heavily. Before long I had removed her bra and was kissing her, when my wife suggested we adjourn to the bedrooms.

"Once in the room we stripped completely and went through every form of foreplay before actually having full intercourse. Lily had shaved and it was this that led to one of our few rules, because it certainly made the experience more profitable.

"Our rules includes the following:

1—all participators are married.

2—None of us ever meet privately, without both husband and wife at the scene.

3—The ages should not range over more than 10 years.

4—All the wives must completely shave the genital area.

5—We are never paired with our own marriage partners, and try to rotate as much as possible.

"We often have games evenings, culminating in a game of 'musical beds' where the husbands move from bed to bed at 15-minute intervals.

"We usually use several rooms for privacy but occasionally have group activities in which one person may (perform) with several others at the same time. We are, now, never shy to perform in front of others.

"We engage in all forms of sexual activity, fellation, cunnilingus and even, though not often, coprophagy. Two of the men and three of the women are part-time homosexuals but their actions in these roles are kept outside club activities.

"We all agree that these activities help us all to enjoy a much fuller love-life, and gain pleasure from cooperating with other couples. We rarely have any intense affairs with other members of the group. We all know that we can participate in the sex act quite freely and obtain and give the maximum in pleasure.

"I don't think that our practice is harmful, but mutually beneficial and good for saving a floundering marriage."

THAT concludes our report for this issue. Remember, your contributions will be welcome, on any phase of sex habits and customs of which you have personal knowledge. Simply address B. F. Shelton, 21 West 26 Street, New York 10, New York. The only requirement is that the facts reported be positively known by you, personally, to be true. Sign your initials only, name only the state in which you live—not the town or city—but do give background information on such items as your education, approximate income, age, hobbies, religious interests and kind of work you do. NOTE: For the record, and to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, the editors of MR. Magazine wish to state that publication of the foregoing study does not in any way imply approval of the activities and points of view reported. Some, obviously, are at violent odds with the commonly avowed moral standards of our country.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has written, "If there is to be intelligence in coming to grips with the problems of sex, there must be the widest possible discussion of it and dissemination of views concerning it." That is the limit of our function. Any assumption that we, because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report, therefore sympathize with the activities or points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose. The End

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C. Total paid circulation	167,039	167,819
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

ALPHONSE J. PERSICO, Business Manager

SUE LAYTON

(Continued from page 35)

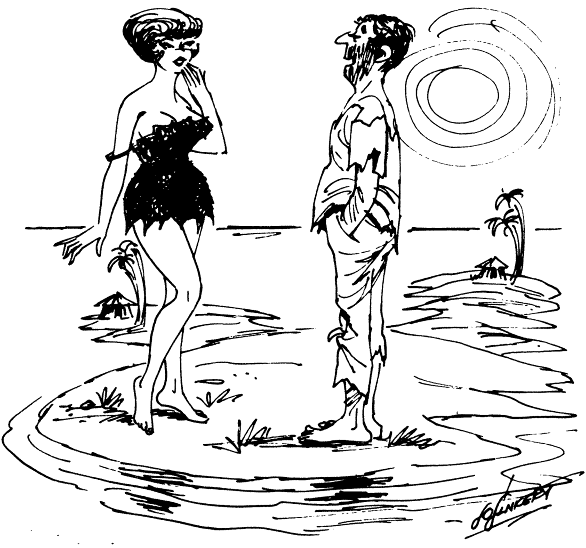
a caning, even over a wool skirt, hurts more than a hard spanking on the bare seat by hand. Even 'three of the best' is considered a tough punishment."

"To get on to something less excruciating," we said, "will you tell us the real meaning of the term Cockney?"

"Yes," said Sue. "That's interesting. Most Americans seem to think that a Cockney is just an uneducated Englishman who speaks with a certain accent. Actually, it means a working-class Londoner. A man from Birmingham who had the same kind of cultural background would not be considered a Cockney. More broadly, Cockney can mean anyone from London, although I think you would hesitate to apply the word to a member of the House of Lords."

"Now," we said. "We'll get to the tough questions. Why does England swing so much these days, anyway?"

"That is a tough one," said Sue. "Of course I don't know, really, and I'm not sure anyone else does either. But I do have some ideas on the subject. England stayed in the Victorian Age longer than we did, for one thing. They didn't really have anything like the Roaring Twenties over there. For one thing, the aristocracy



"I'm afraid, my dear, our divorce isn't going to work out."

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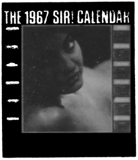

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(Continued from page 60)

was still in control; then the authoritarian school system was still keeping the kids very strictly in line, and the people weren't wealthy enough to be able to really cut loose.

"So then they went through the depression and the war, which was much more of an ordeal for them than it was for us. Then right after the war, when we were starting to break out into a free and easy way of life again, the British had to put themselves to the task of rebuilding the country physically and economically. So it's only in the past few years that they've been able to cut loose that much more violently."

"Very good," we said. "Now how do you feel about the whole swinging thing, the relentless climb of the miniskirts, and all."

"Oh, I think it's great fun," said Sue. "I love the Beatles and the new British playwrights and the miniskirts and the whole thing. Of course the skirts are getting pretty high over there. If they go up another couple of inches everybody will be able to see your panties, and you'll have to wear other panties under them."

"Do you see a reaction coming in the future—a return to the stiff old days," we asked.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Sue, "at least not in the near future. Those young people are really on the move now and nothing is going to stop them—not even 'six of the best'." The End

ARTISTRY OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 44)

race. In bullfighting, that defiance of death is more deliberate and direct than in any sport or circus feat. That one will also witness the death of several animals appeals to some barbaric quality inherent in the nature of man. Perhaps it is related to the same quality that allows him to hunt or fish, slaughter animals for food, or engage in battle. It is instinctive and may logically be assumed to be stronger in those who consistently go to bullfights than those who have no desire to see one.

The appeal of bullfighting is emotional, not intellectual. For that reason, let us go to the arena. . . .

The first somber strains of **La Macarena** cause a tightening sensation in your guts, and cold shivers along your spine. Here, in this arena, upon this yellow sand, you will see death. Not an acted play; not an imitation, but actual death. Vicariously, through the matador, you will kill. And just as vicariously, if he is gored, so will you feel the bull's sharp horns rip into your flesh.

If the matador bends the bull to his will, wraps it tightly around his body like a scarf, takes the horns close to himself with grace and skill and artistry, and then kills with one clean stroke of the sword, his triumph is your triumph. And you may well yell yourself hoarse praising him.

This is the bullfight. The End

RUN, KATHY, RUN

(Continued from page 27)

"Then why'd you come up here?"

"I don't know. Curiosity, perhaps."

"It killed the cat."

"This kitten has nine lives," she said, suddenly confident.

"I hope so—you'll need all of them."

An hour before closing time, Joannie telephoned.

"I just saw your roommate."

"Ex . . . she's throwing me out."

"Don't worry about it," I said reassuringly. "I have some news for you. One of my friends is looking for a temporary secretary. Says he needs a girl right away. I told him all about you . . . the baby . . . the whole problem. He'd like to see you. And if you like the job, you can come back."

I told her what it entailed and how much she would earn. She listened intently. ". . . and by the way, you can stay with me, or with this woman I know until you can afford a place of your own."

"She really had you pegged wrong," she said softly.

"Who?"

"The would-be actress. You should have heard some of her remarks."

I laughed.

"I'd like to tell you about them."

"What?"

". . . the things she said."

"Anytime."

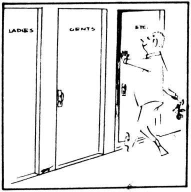
"How about in an hour . . . for dinner?"

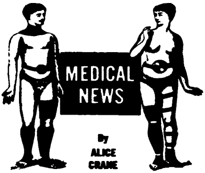
"I'm a little low on funds," I pleaded.

"Don't worry about it."

"Why?"

"I've got five dollars. . . ." The End





MEDICAL NEWS

By
ALICE
CRANE

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE READER SERVICE

THE BEER SCARE

After twenty persons died in Quebec during the last year from a mysterious heart disease, apparently caused by beer drinking, there was panic in the breweries, and one outfit dumped a million gallons of beer before it was discovered that the brew was not to blame. Exhaustive analysis failed to show any impurities in the beer, or any chemical difference in that served at the fourteen taverns patronized by the patients and that drunk elsewhere in Canada. Investigators now believe that it wasn't the quality but the quantity. Some of the twenty who died, and another twenty-eight who survived, were downing as many as seven quarts a day.

PATIENTS' OKAY A MUST

Times have changed since a group of patients in a New York hospital were given injections of cancer cells without their knowledge, as reported here a few months ago. According to the Federal Register of August 30, physicians must now obtain the written consent of patients for the use of experimenal drugs and the information given the patients must include the purpose of the drug, the duration and method of use, hazards expected, alternative therapy available, if any, and possible effects on the patient's health.

NEW FREEDOM

Heavy metal braces no longer need be a handicap to those who have been disabled by polio or other leg injury. A new appliance, lighter and warmer, has been designed by two Englishmen which is shaped to match the other leg and which fits inside the stocking and shoe. Patients whose legs are nearly the same length can use a pair of ordinary shoes into which the appliance fits neatly. Others, with one leg much shorter than the other, will need a built-up shoe, but the appliance will still fit into it. Its greatest advantage is that it relieves its wearer of the psychological burden imposed by an awkward and unsightly appliance.

FATTY IS DIFFERENT

The idea that over-weight was caused by some thyroid deficiency has long ago been discredited. People are fat because they eat too much, we've been told right along. Then along comes Dr. Irving B. Perlstein, of the University of Louisville School of Medicine and author of a book entitled "Diet Is Not Enough." And Dr. Perlstein tells the American Medical Association that the obese, which is a fancy way of saying fat, person is "an entirely different breed of cat." He says that fat people appear to produce relatively normal amounts of thyroid hormone, but may have blocking antibodies that prevent them from using the hormone. And what is that but our good old thyroid deficiency?

To counteract this, Dr. Perlstein treats his patients with an oral drug called T-3, which is short for tri-iodothyronine, plus a high-protein, low-carbohydrate, low-fat diet. And, having tried this on 350 grossly fat people, all the way from six to sixty-five, he reports dramatic success in 85 per cent. And all without calorie counting!

But, judging from his experiments with rats, Psychologist R. A. Ahrens of the Agricultural Research Service, Beltsville, Maryland, believes that people who eat less, get more done. The rats were given a diet roughly similar to that of the average human in the United States. Some were fed generously; the others got only 60 per cent as much. And while the latter were running around their cages like crazy, the well-fed rodents were taking it easy. Slept more, too.

And to mop up the dieting subject, out in Hollywood, where actors are apt to stuff themselves between pictures and then have to diet like mad to get down to size for their next role, more and more of them are turning to hypnosis to accomplish same.

COLOR THEM ORANGE

It's not often that a brand new ailment crops up, but down in Memphis, Tennessee, Drs. John D. Hughes and Richard L. Wooten of the University of Tennessee department of medicine and Baptist Memorial Hospital were recently confronted with two patients who had inexplicably turned an orange color. But happily it was nothing very serious; they had just been eating too many carrots, tomatoes and yellow vegetables.

One of the men, who had been living in Alaska, had been worried about not getting enough sunlight, so he had started eating from three to five carrots a day, drinking a large can of tomato juice every three or four days, and eating squash and rutabagas. The other had been eating at least two cups of carrots and two tomatoes each day.

The remedy was simple, the doctors reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association. They just told the two patients to stop eating yellow and red food—and it worked.

UNLOVED MIDGETS

Lack of parental affection stunts the growth, according to the findings of Dr. Henry K. Silver, professor of pediatrics at the University of Colorado and Marcia Finklestein, a social worker at Colorado General Hospital, who have made a four-year study of nine affected children.

The children, ranging in age from four to sixteen, were suffering from what Dr. Silver calls "deprivation dwarfism." Though they ate voraciously, the growth of their bone structure was markedly delayed, due, the researchers concluded, to the behavior of their parents. In each case there were "emotional disturbances, absence of the father, alcoholism or grossly disturbed family relationships."

When the kiddies were placed in the hospital or in foster homes, the researchers said, their appetites diminished to normal and, in spite of less food, "the children grew at an increased rate."

BRAIN SURGERY IN 3-D

By the use of stereotaxic surgery, so named because it relies on an intricate three-dimensional survey of the brain's interior to locate key tissues, surgeons are now able to relieve pain which has sometimes been so severe that the patients committed suicide. The same technique can also eliminate the tremors and muscular rigidity which are caused by Parkinson's disease, and treat behavioral problems, such as the destructive impulses in mentally disturbed children.

Previously brain surgery was a hit-or-miss affair, since probing into the brain to destroy certain tissues often resulted in the destruction of others during the operation. By means of the stereotaxic surgery, however, the brain can be so mapped, by means of X-rays and probes, that only the tissues involved are destroyed.

Tried first in 1947, it is currently being used in hundreds of brain operations each year, with optimistic results. A study of fifty patients suffering from Parkinson's disease, for example, showed that all of them had been relieved to some extent of the symptoms of tremor and rigidity, with results termed "excellent" in 80 per cent. The disease itself is still classed as "incurable," but there is now an effective treatment, according to Dr. Edgar Housepian, a professor of neurosurgery at Columbia University.

The complicated procedure—"it's like bringing a plane down a flight path and in for a landing in a blanket of fog," says Dr. John Gillingham, a neurosurgeon at Scotland's University of Edinburgh—has also been used to end the frustrating pain that often seems to emanate from an amputated limb . . . to relieve long-term pain that resists prolonged treatment by narcotics . . . and to treat aspects of mental retardation.

One boy, so destructive that his parents kept him tied to his bed, stopped breaking furniture after the surgery, learned to read, and played happily with the companions he had habitually attacked before.

Stereotaxic surgery is also highly thought of medically as a research tool. "It helps us map the brain with far more sophistication than ever before," says Dr. Housepian. "This could lead to a better understanding of how the brain works and, eventually, to more effective and safer brain operations" of all kinds.

NEW ANESTHETIC

A new anesthetic that puts patients to sleep with their eyes open, is of short duration, and has very few side effects, is being tried out experimentally at the University of Michigan Medical Center. According to Dr. Robert B. Sweet, chairman of the medical school's department of anesthesia, the drug, called CI-581, has been used in more than 600 cases; recovery is "smooth and uncomplicated" and "nausea and vomiting are virtually absent." The only detrimental side effect, researchers report, is brief hallucinations which seventeen patients suffered while the drug was wearing off, a 15 to 30 minute process.

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